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THE NORMAL COURSE IN READING

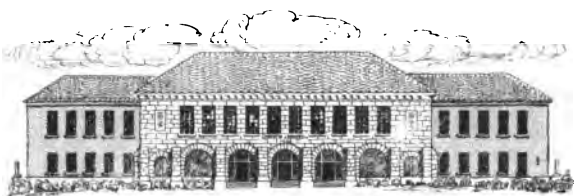
BY

EMMA J. TODD

AND

W. H. BLYNDEN

Third
Reader



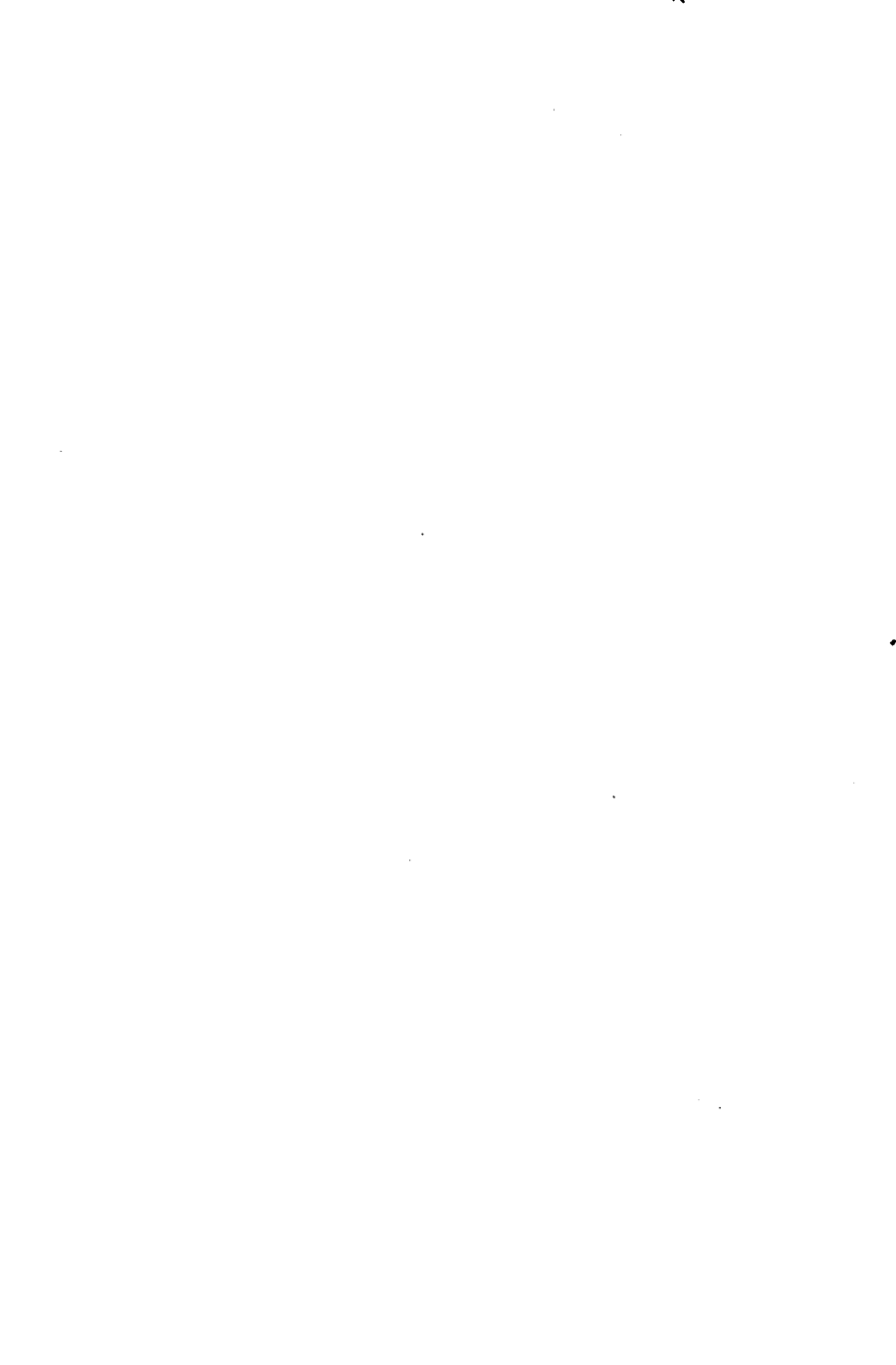
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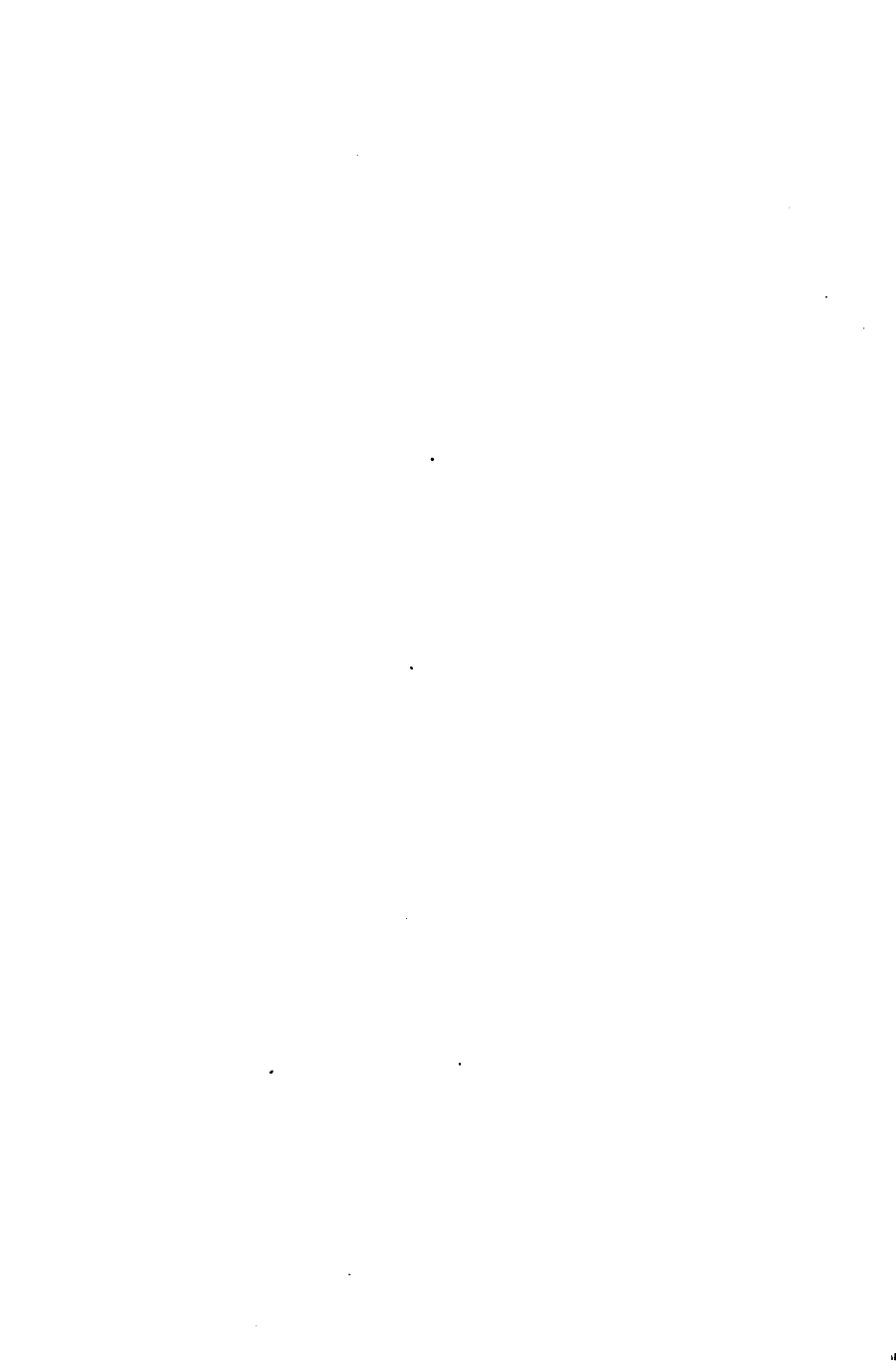
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THE
NORMAL COURSE IN READING.

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THIRD READER.

DIVERSIFIED READINGS AND STUDIES.



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THE

NORMAL COURSE IN READING.

COMPRISING:—

PRIMER: Preliminary Work in Reading;

FIRST READER: First Steps in Reading;

SECOND READER: Select Readings and Culture Lessons;

ALTERNATE SECOND READER: Progressive Readings in Nature;

THIRD READER: Diversified Readings and Studies;

ALTERNATE THIRD READER: How to Read with Open Eyes;

FOURTH READER: The Wonderful Things around Us;

FIFTH READER: Advanced Readings in Literature—Scientific,
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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

PROBABLY no books in our schools represent, on the whole, more effort and enterprise on the part of publisher and author alike, than the school reading books. They have constantly received contributions from our ablest and most thoughtful educators, and to their publication have been given the best endeavors of our most successful schoolbook makers — facts which abundantly attest the importance of the subject and the interest taken in it by the educational public.

. That there have yet remained possibilities for improvement in this department of school work cannot be doubted by any who have followed the discussions of the subject among educators and in the press. Our best teachers have not been satisfied with the readers of stereotyped pattern, and have over and again expressed a desire for something different and better. All this has revealed and emphasized the necessity for improvement, not alone in the manner of presentation, but also in the subject-matter presented.

It is confidently claimed that the Normal Course in Reading fully answers this demand for improvement. Its literature is of the choicest. Its subject-matter is drawn from topics which attract and engage all children, appealing at once to their intelligence and interest, and giving them something to read about and think about. Its order of presentation and treatment is based on true pedagogical principles. Its plan and scope are natural, comprehensive, and in full accord with the most advanced school work of to-day.

A more definite and detailed exposition of the plan, scope, and subject-matter of each book in the series will be found in the "Suggestions to Teachers," prepared by the authors.

The publishers confidently commend the Series to all progressive educators, and anticipate for it large favor at the hands of those who appreciate the best schoolroom work.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

THE chief work in teaching the child to read is that of giving him information from other sources than the printed page.

The first requisite in teaching the child to read Third Reader text is to know that he is prepared for the work. Not yet is he to "read that he may know." He is yet to be made to know in advance of the attempt at learning to read, that he may properly and most easily acquire that power.

The child must be prepared for the reading lesson by such work as will give him knowledge of the subjects about which he will be asked to read, and that will at the same time create in him a desire to know more of these subjects.

The teacher may be certain that the more the child knows, the more easily will he learn to read; the more accurately he knows, the more intelligently will he learn to read; the more nearly the text represents what he knows and what he has expressed, the more enjoyable will learning to read be to him.

The teacher, therefore, must prepare himself to give broad and accurate information on those subjects about which the lessons of the book treat, the information to be given in every instance before the reading of the lesson is attempted.

In this preparatory work the lessons should be as carefully planned as are any other lessons of the school. The plan in each instance will be suggested by the text, which of course the teacher must read in advance. In the development of these lessons the child should be made to do most of the talking. The utmost care should be exercised to have the child talk correctly; to have him as far as practicable use the language of the text, especially

the technical part of it; to use sentences that are as involved as those of the text; to pronounce the words correctly; to use the voice in natural, conversational tones. The transition from such intelligent conversation to the reading of matter corresponding to what has been said, is thus made easy, interesting, and profitable.

The child "stumbles" over words whose meanings or whose relations he does not know, and he stumbles over no others. How wise it is, then, to cause him first to know the words he is to read and to know their use in relations as involved as those in which he will find them when he first meets them on the printed page!

How could correct language be taught more profitably than in the way suggested above? The first language lessons and the first reading lessons should be on the same subjects, and should be essentially the same matter. As language lessons, they should proceed from seeing, doing, and knowing; as reading lessons, they should proceed from the expression of what has been seen or done, and is known.

The child should be prepared to read the lessons that relate to geography by exactly such work as would be done if the purpose were to teach him the facts given as geography lessons. •

This means, according to circumstances, journeys to the fields or woods; work with sand maps; work in drawing maps; work in examining products, etc., etc., etc. The child should know this not as work preparing him for the reading lesson, but as delightful employment in getting information. The reading should be to confirm what he has learned by other means.

If the lesson is historical, the child may be prepared for it by examination of articles of dress or other things showing modes of life or conditions of the people, and talking about them; by reading narratives and descriptions to him, and having him reproduce them; by an examination of pictures, and intelligent conversation about them, etc., etc., etc.

It will be found an easy matter to interest a class in the children of other lands by talking about them, reading anecdotes about

them, showing interesting articles of wearing apparel, or playthings, about all of which the child must be made to talk.

The child's interest must be kept up. He must be made aggressive. How easy for the teacher to create a strong desire on the part of the child to read about Columbus, Washington, or Lincoln, by conversations that will give him the words and their relations as they will be found on the printed page to which he turns!

The child should be prepared to read the lessons relating to the humanities, intemperance, selfishness, generosity, etc., by practical lesson, or by story or anecdote, giving him correct, definite ideas, broadening his view and giving him and making him reproduce the words, idioms, and involved sentences corresponding to those he will be called on to read.

The child may be required to define words or give synonyms. The result of this should be to make him strong in seeing the meanings of words as they are used. He needs no dictionary for this work. The dictionary will be a disadvantage to him. The teacher should be careful to make the child see that a noun must not be defined by a verb or a verb by a noun; an infinitive by a participle, etc., etc., etc. The result of this should be to make him see meanings in forms of words. The printed page should have more meaning to the child than it usually has. It ought to do much, and may easily be made to do much, toward teaching him the grammar of the language.

It is excellent work to require children after reading a passage making an assertion concerning a form or other condition, to verify the same by reference to the object, picture, or other source from which the information is obtained.

The child may with profit be caused to reread sometimes, holding in his hand the object or picture, or pointing to it, verifying what he reads. This will greatly aid in causing him to read naturally, or as he talks. The reading should be a talking from the book. While one reads, let the other children of the class listen with closed eyes to what is read, after which let them decide whether or not the one reading reads as if he understands what he reads, and whether or not he so renders it that others may understand it.

It is profitable work for pupils to describe pictures that might be used for illustrating lessons that are not illustrated. It is also

profitable for children to draw such illustrations on paper or blackboard. After such word or pencil pictures have been made, it is most profitable to have the text reread.

Care should be given to the pronunciation of words when the lessons are talked; especially should this be true of the new words of each lesson, that the child may pronounce such words correctly when he first sees them in the text. The difficult new words should be written on the board for drill in pronouncing and spelling. (The idioms should be written and read as entireties.)

The PHONIC DRILL CHART on page 221, the key words for which have been selected with great care, can be made especially serviceable in training children in the elements of enunciation. The frequent use of this table will not only familiarize them with the various sounds of the letters, but will acquaint them with the diacritical marks employed to distinguish those sounds. The LIST OF WORDS FOR PRONUNCIATION can be used to illustrate the application of the markings, and to extend the drill in enunciation.

It may be a good plan occasionally to have the children hunt in this list for a given word, especially one that has been mispronounced, to see if its correct pronunciation can be determined by them from the markings employed. Such work intelligently done, a little at a time, leads naturally to an appreciative use of the dictionary later on. At first no word not known to be included in the list should be so asked for.

Children may be trained to use and to control the organs of speech by much practice in sounding the consonants. Instead of urging the pupil to "read louder" when he is not understood, he should be trained to speak distinctly. It will be found that the child needs to be shown how to adjust the organs of speech, that he may properly and distinctly make the sounds represented by the consonants respectively. Careful work will secure distinct and pleasant speech.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE	PAGE
1. The Doings of Pussy	The Leaves and the
Willow..... 11	Wind 77
Pussy Willow 13	November 79
Boy's Song 15	Winter..... 81
2. What the Sunbeam Saw.. 16	14. The Boy at the Dike ... 82
3. Our Country as It Was... 19	15. Forgiveness 85
4. A Story for Willie Winkle 23	16. Lafayette 89
The Little Lord and the	Daybreak 94
Farmer 27	17. The Sunrise 95
5. The Pea Blossom..... 30	The Sun's Journey... 98
Good Night..... 37	A Good Name 99
6. Christopher Columbus... 38	Little Things 99
7. Florence Nightingale.... 41	The Sparrow and the
8. Chinese Children..... 44	Canary..... 109
A Little Breeze 50	18. The Home of Washington 103
9. The Snowflakes..... 52	19. Chessie's Arbor Day ... 107
10. George Washington 58	Reminding the Hen.. 110
Twenty-second of Feb-	20. Dogs 112
ruary 61	21. Our Country as It Is ... 119
11. Mabel Lee..... 63	22. Thanksgiving Day 123
12. Self-Control 66	Morning Hymn 126
Fanny's Fairies..... 71	23. City and Country 127
13. The Seasons (prose) 71	The Best We Can.... 130
Spring and the Flowers 75	24. The Washington Monu-
Summer is Nigh..... 76	ment 132

	PAGE		PAGE
25. The Sun's Family. I...	134	35. How We Learn. Part II.	188
The Sun's Family. II...	136	36. Benjamin Franklin.....	191
The Sun's Family. III...	138	There's Music in a	
The Sun's Family. IV...	141	Mother's Voice	195
The Earth.. .. .	143	37. The Butcher Bird	196
26. In Eskimo Land	144	38. One Small Man's Plan..	198
Charity	148	39. Day and Night.....	201
27. A Little Drop's Journey. 150		Boyhood Days.....	203
The Vicar's Sermon..	155	40. What Rob Paid for a	
28. Eskimo Children.....	158	Joke	205
29. Wishes without Heart..	163	41. A King and His Wonder-	
New Year Greeting... 166		ful Castle. Part I.	211
Which Loved Best?..	167	42. A King and His Wonder-	
30. Cruelty	168	ful Castle. Part II.	213
George's Clothes.....	171	43. Little Builders.....	216
31. Mount Saint Bernard... 173		44. Indian Children.....	217
32. The Worst of It.....	176		
33. The Moon.....	178		
The New Moon	182	A Key to Pronunciation	221
The Full Moon	183	List of Words for Pronunci-	
34. How We Learn, Part I. 184		ation.....	222



THIRD READER.



1. THE DOINGS OF MISS PUSSY WILLOW.

All winter Miss Pussy Willow had been shut up in her little brown house down by the brook. One bright morning in early spring the door of her house opened, when she stepped out to see the world.

The swelling buds were rocking to and fro on the branches, the grass blades were peeping above the ground, and a few brave flowers were opening their sleepy eyes.

“Dear me!” cried Pussy, “the wind is sharp and cold, if it is a bright day.”

“Why, whom have we here?” asked the brook, in great surprise. “True as I live, it is Miss Pussy Willow! Good morning, Pussy; you are out bright and early. But why do you wear that fur hood? Summer is coming, and the days grow warmer.”

“Oh, Mother Nature told me to wear it lest I get a severe toothache.”

Everybody was very glad to see Pussy. The running water, the grass blades, the opening buds, and all the early birds had something to say to her. But each and all were very curious to know why she wore her fur hood.

Poor Pussy! she was tempted more than once to take it off, so much was said about it. But she didn't. She thought best to mind Mother Nature.

Now it grieves me to say, Mr. Robin was very bold and saucy. He whispered some unkind things to Pussy's friends one day.

The next morning when Pussy opened her eyes, the birds, the buds, the grass, and the flowers began to whisper among themselves, saying: “Do you suppose Pussy Willow has to wear her hood because she has no hair?” Poor Pussy Willow!

Brave Pussy felt very sad. All she said was, “Wait and see.”

How surprised every one was a few

mornings after this! There was Pussy Willow with no fur hood on her head, but bright golden curls were dancing up and down in the breeze.

“Pussy Willow is not a bald head! She wears beautiful golden curls!” cried all her friends.

Mr. Robin hid his head and flew away very much ashamed. —KATE L. BROWN. (*Adapted.*)



PUSSY WILLOW.

Pussy Willow wakened
From her winter's nap,
For the frolic breezes
On her door would tap.

“It is chilly weather,
Though the sun feels good;
As I have a toothache
I must wear my hood.”

Mistress Pussy Willow
Opened wide her door;

Never had the sunshine
Seemed so bright before.

Never had the brooklet
Seemed so full of cheer.
“ Good morning, Mistress Pussy ;
Welcome to you, dear.”

Never guest was quainter.
Pussy comes to town
In a hood of silver-gray
And a coat of brown.

While the happy children
Cry with laugh, and shout,
“ Spring is coming, coming !
Pussy Willow’s out ! ”

— KATE L. BROWN.

toothache	tempted	saucy	chorus
perfect	beautiful	breeze	neighbors
ashamed	crept	noisy	sprout
swelling	surprise	wakened	brooklet
frolic	weather	Mistress	quainter
grass blades	haste	opened	Pussy Willow

BOY'S SONG.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mower mows the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Sweet little maidens from the play,

Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay ;
By the water and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.



2. WHAT THE SUNBEAM SAW.

“Stay, dear Sunbeam,” whispered a bright Wood-lily, as the sunshine danced in among the pine trees one summer day. “Stay awhile, and tell me a story.

“It is so quiet here to-day in the forest, that I am almost asleep. I wish I could get out into the world, and see some of the fine sights there. What a gay time you must have of it, dancing about wherever you please from morning till night !”

“No,” said the Sunbeam, “I cannot stop to tell you all I have seen ; but if you

care to hear it, I will tell you what was the prettiest sight of all."

"Do," said the Wood-lily, bending her head to listen.

"I was sporting among the roses that overhang a cottage window," said the Sunbeam, "when I heard the sweet sound of children's voices. I looked within.

"There I saw two dear little boys at play. One was leaning his arms on the table, while he watched his little brother trying to spin his new top. I thought them more lovely than the flowers in the garden, and their happy voices made sweeter music than the birds. By and by they put up their sweet lips, and kissed each other."

"A pretty sight that must have been," said the Wood-lily.

"And now," said the Sunbeam, "shall I tell you the saddest sight that I have seen to-day?"

The Wood-lily bent her head still lower.

"I went again to see the dear children

and give them my parting blessing. But I found them, alas, how changed! Harsh words came from their rosebud lips, frowns clouded their fair, white brows, and their little hands were raised in anger."

"That was a sad sight, surely," said the Lily.

"A sad sight!" murmured the Wind through the pine trees.

"A sad sight!" whispered the Violets, while tears fell from their blue eyes into the little brook beside which they grew.

"A sad sight!" echoed the Stream, as it rippled on its way.

So it was as if a gloom had been cast over all the forest; and all because of the sad story the Sunbeam had told.

Have a care, children, that no bright sunbeam ever has so sad a story to tell of you.

whispered	sunshine	forest	wherever
within	saddest	blessing	harsh
cottage	frowns	voices	murmured

3. OUR COUNTRY AS IT WAS.



Many, many years ago this country of ours had no cities, no towns, no churches, no schools, but was a vast wilderness in which only wild men and wild animals lived.

People in other parts of the world did not know of such a country as America.

Far across the ocean lived many great

and wise men. Some of these men began to suspect that one could cross this great body of water and reach land. They had no idea the earth was as large as we now know it to be.

Although these wise men believed this to be possible, none were daring enough to try to cross.

The ocean was thought to be filled with horrible monsters that could dash to pieces the small ships of the seamen. The sailors imagined that after they had sailed a certain distance it would be impossible to return to land.

There was one man, though, who believed he could cross these dangerous waters.

This man was Christopher Columbus. We shall learn more of him hereafter.

Our country was covered with dense forests filled with wild animals of every kind. Beautiful birds sang sweet songs from the leafy branches. In the rivers were many fishes. The boys and girls did not catch

fish as you do, with hook and line, but killed them by throwing long sticks with sharp points on the ends of them made of stone or wood.

There were wild fruit trees and nut trees of nearly every kind. With so much good food at hand it was unnecessary for the inhabitants to do much work.

Some few, however, planted corn in the valleys.

This was done by the women; for the men of this country thought it was woman's place to work while they hunted in the forests, fished in the streams and lakes, or fought with one another.

These people were Indians, a people with red skins and large, strong bodies. They were very fierce and cruel. They lived in houses built of trees, or the skins of animals killed in the hunt. These houses were called wigwams.

When they fought with one another, the men would paint their bodies, and stick feathers in their long, black hair. Their

weapons were the bow and arrow and the war hatchet. The blade of the war hatchet, or "tomahawk," as it is called, was made of stone. With it they would scalp those whom they killed in fight. A man's bravery was measured by the number of human scalps he wore in his belt.

They were very skillful in the use of the bow and arrow. They could kill a wild beast or hit a bird in its flight.

These people did not live long in any one locality, but went from place to place as they wished. When game became scarce in one part of the country, they would move to another. The women did all the work of moving. After game was shot, they carried it home, dressed it, and cooked it. In fact, the Indian woman was but the servant of the Indian "brave," as the Indian man was called.

The men were not very brave to let their wives do all their work for them, were they?

These people were the owners of this

large country of ours, and they had no idea that across the ocean, on which they hardly dared venture in their frail canoes, persons were preparing to rob them of their land and their lives.

wilderness	suspect	idea	preparations
imagined	horrible	proofs	believed
monsters	dangerous	vast	distance
hereafter	inhabitants	fierce	leafy
wigwams	tomahawk	scalp	feathers
measured	locality	scarce	servant
venture	canoes	return	frail



4. A STORY FOR WILLIE WINKLE.

One winter night old North Wind and little Jack Frost had a talk, which I happened to overhear.

North Wind called Jack Frost to see a snowdrift which he had blown into a fence corner, and, with his gray wing, swept into curves as pretty as one ever sees anywhere except in a little child's face.

Jack Frost looked and laughed, saying, "I can make things quite as pretty; but I must work in the water."

North Wind wrapped his cloak of clouds about him, and went to see Jack Frost work in a stream of water not far away.

As they flew, with clouds and snow before them, Jack Frost, peeping into a window, saw a little boy sleeping.

"Let's do something for Willie Winkle," whispered Jack Frost.

"Agreed!" shouted North Wind. To work they went, — North Wind puffing little starry gems of snow against the window pane outside, while Jack Frost fastened them on, and, at the same time, drew pictures of trees and vines on the inside, which were so pretty that North Wind fairly shook the house, trying to get in to see them. Jack Frost, fearing all the noise of North Wind would waken Willie Winkle, hurriedly tasted the water in Willie's silver cup, which turned the water to ice, and crept out at the keyhole.

When North Wind and Jack Frost reached the brooklet, they were talking about the children they had seen that night; and the little brook stopped to listen, for she had missed the visits from the children for many a day. Then, as she listened, every drop, ripple, and dimple of the brooklet turned into crystal, and stood still there, waiting until spring for the children.

When North Wind and Jack Frost passed a tiny pond, old North Wind fairly held his breath a moment with delight; then he, being the older, said, "Let's work together this winter."

"Agreed!" laughed Jack Frost, from the turret of an ice palace which he was finishing. "Will you ripple the top of this water, while I freeze it?"

"That I will," answered old North Wind. "It will spoil the skating for the big boys; but we'll work for the little folks to-night."

So North Wind blew across the water till it curled and wrinkled and waved like a

broad field of wheat under the wing of South Wind in summer. Jack Frost, following close upon the breath of North Wind, kissed the ripples and wrinkles, and there they stood. The waters were all curled and frozen over little caves, shining grottoes, and glittering palaces of ice.

As North Wind and Jack Frost were going home next morning, they saw Willie Winkle looking at the pretty pictures on his window.

"Let us speak to him," said North Wind. But at his voice the window rattled and shook so noisily that Willie Winkle ran away to sit by the warm fire.

After breakfast Willie Winkle went again to the window; and, seeing the beautiful drifts and wreaths and banks and puffs of snow in corners, on gate posts, and in tree tops, he begged to go outside. He was no sooner in the yard, than Jack Frost came creeping, and North Wind came shouting; while one pinched his ears, the other blew off his hat. And such a

wrestling match as Willie Winkle had with them made even his mamma laugh.

When he went into the house, his cheeks were as red as roses, and his fingers as purple as Jack Frost could make them with his kisses and pinches.

wrapped	peeped	ripple	crystal
turret	palace	wrinkles	grottoes
wrestling	pinches	talking	keyhole



THE LITTLE LORD AND THE FARMER.

A little lord engaged in play,
Carelessly threw his ball away;
So far beyond the brook it flew,
His lordship knew not what to do.

By chance, there passed a farmer's boy,
Whistling a tune in childish joy;
His frock was patched, his hat was old,
But his manly heart was very bold.

"You little chap, pick up my ball!"
His saucy lordship loud did call;

He thought it useless to be polite
To one whose clothes were in such a plight.

“Do it yourself, for want of me,”
The boy replied, quite manfully;
Then quietly he passed along,
Whistling aloud his favorite song.

His little lordship furious grew,
For he was proud and hasty, too;
“I’ll break your bones,” he rudely cries,
While fire flashed from both his eyes.

Now, heedless quite which way he took,
He tumbled plump into the brook,
And, as he fell, he lost his bat,
And next he dropped his beaver hat.

“Come, help me out,” enraged he cried;
But the sturdy farmer thus replied:
“Alter your tone, my little man,
And then I’ll help you all I can.

“There are few things I would not dare
For gentlemen who speak me fair;

But for rude words, I do not choose
To wet my feet, and soil my shoes."

"Please help me out," his lordship said ;
"I'm sorry I was so ill-bred."

"'Tis all forgot," replied the boy,
And gave his hand with honest joy.

The offered hand his lordship took,
And soon came safe from out the brook ;
His looks were downcast and aside,
For he felt ashamed of his silly pride.

The farmer brought his ball and bat,
And wiped the wet from his dripping hat ;
And mildly said, as he went away :
"Remember the lesson you've learned
to-day.

"Be kind to all you chance to meet,
In field, or lane, or crowded street ;
Anger and pride are both unwise ;
Vinegar never catches flies."

plight	beaver	furious	engaged
hasty	dripping	vinegar	manfully
saucy	whistling	enraged	carelessly

5. THE PEA BLOSSOM.

There were once five peas in one shell ; they were green, and the shell was green, and so they believed that the whole world must be green also, which was a very natural conclusion.

The shell grew and the peas grew ; they accommodated themselves to their position, and sat all in a row. The sun shone without and warmed the shell, and the rain made it clear and transparent ; it was mild and agreeable in broad daylight but dark at night, as it generally is ; and the peas, as they sat there, grew bigger and bigger, and more thoughtful as they mused ; for they felt there must be something for them to do.

“Are we to sit here forever ?” asked one. “Shall we not become hard by sitting so long ? There must be something outside ; I feel sure of it.”

And so weeks passed by ; the peas became yellow, and the shell became yellow.

“All the world is turning yellow, I suppose,” said they, — and perhaps they were right.

Suddenly they felt a pull at the shell; it was torn off, and held in human hands, then slipped into the pocket of a jacket, in company with other full pods.

“Now we shall soon be let out,” said one, — just what they all wanted.

“I should like to know which of us will travel farthest,” said the smallest of the five; “we shall soon see now.”

“What is to happen will happen,” said the largest pea.

“Crack!” went the shell as it burst, and the five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in a little child’s hand. A little boy was holding them tightly; he said they were fine peas for his pea shooter. And immediately he put one in and shot it out.

“Now I am flying out into the wide world,” said the pea; “catch me if you can;” and he was gone in a moment.

"I," said the second, "intend to fly straight to the sun; that is a shell that lets itself be seen, and it will suit me exactly;" and away he went.

"Wherever we find ourselves we will go to sleep," said the two next; "we shall still be rolling onwards;" and they did certainly fall on the floor, and roll about before they got into the pea shooter; but they were put in, for all that. "We will go farther than the others," said they.

"What is to happen will happen," exclaimed the last, as he was shot out of the pea shooter; and as he spoke he flew up against an old board under a garret window, and fell into a little crevice, which was almost filled up with moss and soft earth. The moss closed itself about him, and there he lay, a captive, indeed. but not unnoticed by God.

"What is to happen will happen," said he to himself.

Within the little garret lived a poor woman, who went out to clean stoves, and

do such hard work; for she was strong and industrious. Yet she remained always poor; and at home in the garret lay her only daughter, not quite grown up, and very delicate and weak. For a whole year she had kept her bed.

Quietly and patiently she lay all the day long, while her mother was away from home at her work.

Spring came, and early one morning the sun shone brightly through the little window, throwing his rays over the floor of the room. Just as the mother was going to her work, the sick girl fixed her gaze on the lowest pane of the window.

“Mother!” she exclaimed, “what can that little green thing be that peeps in at the window? It is moving in the wind.” The mother stepped to the window, and half opened it. “Oh,” she said, “there is actually a little pea that has taken root and is putting out its green leaves. How could it have got into this crack? Well, now, here is a little garden for you to

amuse yourself with." So the bed of the sick girl was drawn nearer to the window, that she might see the budding plant; and the mother went out to her work.

"Mother, I believe I shall get well," said the sick child in the evening; "the sun has shone in here so bright and warm to-day and the little pea is thriving so well; I shall get on better, too, and go out into the warm sunshine again."

"God grant it!" said the mother. She propped up with a little stick the green plant which had given her child such pleasant hopes of life, so that it might not be broken by the winds; she tied the piece of string to the window sill and to the upper part of the frame, so that the pea tendrils might twine round it when it shot up. And it did shoot up; indeed, it might almost be seen to grow from day to day.

"Now really here is a flower coming," said the mother one morning. She remembered that for some time the child had

spoken more cheerfully, and during the last few days had raised herself in bed in the morning to look with sparkling eyes at her little garden which contained but a single pea plant.

A week later the invalid sat up for the first time a whole hour, feeling quite happy by the open window in the warm sunshine, while outside grew the little plant, and on it a pink pea blossom in full bloom. The little maiden bent down, and gently kissed the delicate leaves. This day was like a festival to her.

"Our heavenly Father himself has planted that pea, and made it grow and flourish, to bring joy to you and hope to me, my blessed child," said the happy mother, and she smiled at the flower.

But what became of the other peas? Why, the one that flew out into the wide world, and said, "Catch me if you can," fell into a gutter on the roof of a house, and ended his travels in the crop of a pigeon. The two lazy ones were carried

quite as far; for they also were eaten by pigeons, so they were at least of some use. But the fourth, who wanted to reach the sun, fell into a sink, and lay there in the dirty water for days and weeks, till he had swelled to a great size.

“I am getting beautifully fat,” said the pea; “I expect I shall burst at last; no pea could do more than that, I think. I am the most remarkable of all the five which were in the shell.”

But the young maiden stood at the open garret window, with sparkling eyes and the rosy hue of health upon her cheeks, and folded her thin hands over the pea blossom, thanking God for what he had done.

— ANDERSEN.

natural	accommodated	slipped
conclusion	position	crevice
immediately	transparent	delicate
industrious	invalid	festival
remarkable	agreeable	mused
company	generally	captive
unnoticed	patiently	actually

GOOD NIGHT.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing, as long as her eyes could see ;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, " Dear work, good night, good
night ! "

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying " Caw ! Caw ! " on their way to bed,
She said as she watched their curious flight,
" Little black things, good night, good
night ! "

The horses neighed, the oxen lowed,
The sheep's " bleat ! bleat ! " came over the
road,
All seeming to say with quiet delight,
" Good little girl, good night, good night ! "

She did not say to the sun " Good night,"
Though she saw him there like a ball of
light ;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violets courtesied and went to bed,
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said on her knees her evening prayer.

sewing	smoothed	rooks	curious
neighed	flight	delight	foxglove
quiet	evening	prayer	bleat



6. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Christopher Columbus was by birth an Italian.

Although the son of a tradesman, his early longings were for the sea.

In youth he made several successful voyages on the water, being made master of a ship while yet a young man.

His greatest ambition was to reach India by sailing across the ocean.

India was the great trading place of the Old World.

After very many years of hard work, after spending all of his money, and after

much unjust suffering, he set out on his first voyage of discovery.

With three small boats he crossed the ocean, and landed on the shores of the New World.

He had with him only a hundred and twenty men. It took him many weeks to make the voyage; for the wind was often against him, and he knew not where he was going. His men were suspicious of him, and often refused to do as he told them. He reached land, though, at last, and thus discovered a new continent.



Seven months after starting he returned to Europe, taking with him rich jewels, birds with fine plumage, and savage red men.

Columbus made three other voyages. Once he was taken back home in chains.

He was shamefully treated during life, and even at his death people did not know of the great good he had done them, and did not even raise a monument to his memory.

As the world grew older, and men grew wiser, however, he was known as a great man, so that now every one honors his memory.

You will learn much of this mariner and the country he discovered, as you advance in your study.

Where was Christopher Columbus born?

In youth what work did he like best?

When Columbus was a young man, what was the great trading-place of the Old World?

Tell about his first voyage across the ocean.

How many voyages did he make?

How was he treated during life?

Italian	voyages	ambition	tradesman
trading	hundred	recognized	unjust
suspicious	mariner	monument	continent

7. FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

A few years ago there lived in England, a country across the ocean, a noble woman whose name was Florence Nightingale.

Her parents were educated and wealthy. She had a pleasant home, surrounded by everything beautiful in nature and rich in art. She grew to be a beautiful woman, beloved by all who knew her.

She did not think it was right for her, because she was rich, to do nothing but ride in a carriage, wear fine clothes, and visit people who lived in castles. She wanted to do more than this. "What should it be?" she asked.

When a child she showed that she would make a good nurse, for she always did whatever the doctor told her to do whenever any one in the house was ill.

She moved about so quietly and did so many little things to make the sick comfortable, that every one liked to have her near, even if suffering with a severe head-

ache. She took care of all the cuts and bruises within her reach.

When she became a woman, she wanted to do all she could for the sick and the needy.

The news came to her father's house of the great suffering of the sick and wounded English soldiers far away in the Crimea.

Florence decided at once to go to help take care of them.

She went into the hospitals and did everything that she could to make the soldiers comfortable.

What a blessing she was to the wounded and dying!

Those who recovered wanted to make her a present of a large sum of money. She told them she could not use the money for herself. It would not make her happy. She asked them to give the money to the city of London for a training school for nurses.

She wanted men and women trained to care for the sick and the wounded. Was not this a noble wish of hers?

How much every one praised her for the good work that she did!

The soldiers, to show how much they thought of her, wanted to have a statue of her raised in London. They decided to give a penny apiece for this purpose, thinking she would never refuse so small a gift.

But she would not have the money used in that way. She told them that it would please her more to have this money given to the hospitals.

With love and thanks for her goodness to the English soldiers, the Queen sent her a beautiful jewel, on which were inscribed the words, "Blessed are the merciful."

Thus she spent her life doing all the good that she could. One of the brightest, noblest names in the list of brave, heroic women is that of Florence Nightingale.

content	bruises	suffering	Crimea
dreadful	sufferer	hospitals	headache
jewel	statue	London	present
purpose	heroic	inscribed	merciful

8. CHINESE CHILDREN.



Let me tell you of some very queer children who live many miles across the ocean.

These are the young folks of China.

The baby is a droll little yellow-skinned fellow with narrow, slanting eyes.

These children, instead of riding in baby-carriages as you did when you were babies, are strapped to the backs of older persons, and are thus carried in the street, or about the house.

Babies are much thought of in China — that is, a few in a family are liked; but

should there be too many in one family, the parents have been known to put some of the little ones to death.

Is not that a cruel thing to do?

The young Chinese baby is well protected from harm in its youth by charms.



Trinkets of all kinds are hung outside the nursery to keep away evil spirits. Sometimes baby himself is weighted down with some charm or other.

A boy's head is shaved until he is old enough to have a cue.

When the cue, or pigtail, begins to grow, it is gummed and tied with a ribbon to make it stick out straight.

The young folks are dressed just like their elders. They look like solemn little old men and women.

The little boys and girls go to school when very young.

Off they go at daybreak to stay until breakfast time, when, if they have been good, they may go home to eat. After breakfast they go back to school, staying until dark. That is a long time to be at school; don't you think so?

For the first year the children study manners only. They are taught how to act in the house and on the street.

Then come the books. The Chinese have a very queer language. There are no letters, but every sign is a word. The Chinese book starts at the back; each page is read from the bottom to the top.

Each child gets his lesson aloud. When he has learned it, he turns his back to the teacher and recites to him.

Girls in China have hard times indeed. They have no games, no fun of any kind.

The chief desire of Chinese girls among the wealthy is to have small feet.

When a baby, the foot of the girl is bound up tight, so as to prevent its proper growth. This is a very painful practice; but the girls endure it, because it is the custom to have the foot not longer than three or four inches. Just think of it! The poor girl cannot walk, dance, skip the rope, or play pull-away, but must sit in a chair day after day until she is ten or twelve years old.

Although the Chinese girl has a hard time of it, her brother has lots of fun in many ways, like boys of other lands.

The Chinese enjoy puppet, or Punch and Judy, shows very much.

Watching a puppet show is considered great fun by the little Chinese. He will stop all other games to watch the queer antics of the figures or shadows.

The boys play a sort of tennis, using their feet for rackets.

They become skilled in this game. They

are able to keep the ball from touching the ground for many minutes at a time.

Flying kites is the great pastime of the Chinese boy. The men, too, spend much of their time in making and sending up into the air their queer kites.

These kites are made in all sizes and shapes. They represent men and women, snakes, dragons, birds, flowers, stars, ships, houses, and indeed almost everything. The ninth day of the ninth month of every year, in China, is Kite Day. On this day every man and boy has a kite. Each person tries to have the largest or funniest kite in the field.

They enjoy lanterns, also. Everybody carries one at night, just as in the daytime fans are carried. The lanterns are made into as many shapes as are the kites. The Chinese have a lantern day too, when every one brings with him a droll lantern. On these days the young folks eat and drink as much as possible. In doing this, they think they are having a fine time.

A Chinese boy is of course named, when very young, by his parents; but when he goes to school, his master gives him another name. This name is changed also when he gets out into the world.

The Chinese children eat puppies, kittens, and rats for their dinners. Would you like that kind of food? Every one carries his knife and fork at his waist. The Chinese use for knives and forks a pair of sticks called chopsticks, made of wood, ivory, or gold. With these they throw the food into their mouths.

Like you, the Chinese are very fond of pets. They carry their birds out into the street with them in cages or perched on their fingers. The boy's dearest pet is a cricket, which he feeds and carries about with him in a bamboo cage.

Don't you think the Chinese children are queer? I do. I think, though, that when they read of our American children, they laugh, and wonder how it is possible for them to live at all.

We all have our funny customs, so we must not laugh at others.

Chinese	burdened	language	antics
droll	shaved	recites	rackets
innocent	cue	prevent	pastime
trinkets	solemn	style	dragons
nursery	breakfast	puppet	funniest
ivory	perched	bamboo	lantern



A LITTLE BREEZE.

All day a saucy little breeze,
Fresh with the breath of summer seas,
Has rippled through the garden trees,
And made the apples fall.

It shook the ivy leaves, and bowed
The garden lilies, tall and proud,
And flung a little wayside cloud
Of dust across the wall.

It splashed the fountain's falling spray
Upon the children at their play,
And threw their garden hats away
And blew about their hair.

It spent the daisies' golden hoard,
And finding where the roses stored
Their perfume, cast it all abroad
 Upon the summer air.

It caught the bees upon their wings
And tossed about the little things,
Unmindful of their stings,

 Or honeyed task delayed.

It rang the bluebells out of tune
And plucked the pansy buds too soon ;
Through all the sunny afternoon,
 Such idle pranks it played.

And yet I bear it no ill will ;
For, lo ! to-night when all is still,
Save that the fountain's silver spill

 Comes softly to my ear,
I miss it as I think we miss
Some sweet, yet lightly counted bliss,
A little voice, or childish kiss,
 That absence maketh dear.

For what is all my garden neat
Without the print of little feet,

And little faces, fair and sweet,
 Beneath the apple trees ?
And what if I should never hear
The sound of childish laughter near ?
Oh, life were very hard to bear
 Without a little breeze !

saucy	breath	rippled	wayside
splashed	fountains	spray	hoard
perfume	unmindful	honeyed	delayed
plucked	idle	spill	pranks
counted	absence	maketh	print
laughter	beneath	breeze	abroad



9. THE SNOWFLAKES.

“Hurrah! We are going down to the earth,” said a tiny snowflake up in its cloud home to its brothers. “I heard King Frost and the North Wind say last night that, if the East Wind would help them, they would make some more snowflakes, and send us all down to the earth.”

“Oh, what fun!” cried the rest; “we

will have a fine race down! I wish East Wind would hurry and bring up his clouds."

"Here he comes now!" cried a little flake.

And sure enough, far out over the ocean came the East Wind, driving the clouds filled with tiny water drops before him.

King Frost and North Wind went to meet him when they saw him coming, and to breathe on the clouds.

Instantly the water drops in the clouds were changed into beautiful little feathery snowflakes, which leaped joyously from their cloud home, and began their journey to the earth.

Faster and faster they came, chasing each other merrily along, and laughing gaily as the strong winds caught them and whirled them about.

"You can't catch me!" cried one.

"Don't be too sure of that!" cried another.

"I'll be there first!" called out a third.

"Not if I get there before you," laughed

a fourth, rushing along so swiftly that he was out of sight in an instant.

What fun it was, to be sure! and, when they finally reached the ground, how they rolled over each other, and flew here and there among the leaves and bushes, till at last they were tired, and settled down to rest for a while. They had been quiet but a few minutes, when they heard a shout, and down the road came the schoolboys.

"Now for the fun!" said the little snowflakes. "Here come the boys to play with us!"

"A snowball match!" cried the boys. "Let's have a snowball match!"

"Yes," laughed the snowflakes, "we like that."

And so, when the boys took up the snow, the little flakes clung closely together, and did their best to make the balls quickly.

Then they laughed, and the boys laughed and shouted, as they flew.

After a short game of snowballing, the

boys grew tired of this sport, and ran off to their homes to get their sleds.

So the little snowflakes had a chance to rest awhile, and to watch their brothers, who were hurrying down from their cloud home to join them on earth.

"You are too late for the fun," they said to the newcomers; "we have just had a fine game of snowball with the boys."

"Oh, we shall have sport enough," they answered, "before we go off."

Just then, hearing footsteps, they looked up and saw, coming down the road, a boy who was reading as he walked slowly along.

"I wouldn't give much for that boy," said the snowflakes; "he isn't going to take any notice of us."

But when he came a little nearer to them, they heard him say this: "Without the sun there would be no vapor in the air; without the vapor there would be no clouds; and without the clouds there would be no snow: so really the sun makes the

snow. That's queer, now," he added, stopping his reading and looking down at the snow at his feet. "I never knew that before."

"Well," said a snowflake, looking up, "don't you suppose there are a great many other things you don't know?"

The boy stooped down, without taking any notice of what the snowflake said, and taking some of the snow in his hand, he went on: "How soft and white you are, you snowflakes! I wish I had a magnifying glass; then I could see your beautiful forms."

"This boy does take more notice of us than the other ones did," exclaimed a pleased little snowflake, "only he doesn't wish to play with us. I'll tell you how I look," he added, kindly, to the boy: "I look like a six-pointed star, and my brother looks like a six-sided plane, all covered with little sparkling dots."

The boy didn't seem to hear the snowflakes; or, perhaps he heard them, but

didn't understand snow language, so he made no reply to the speech of the little flake, but went on talking.

"Well," he said, "if the sun makes the snow for us, he takes it away from us again. I should like to know why it is that we cannot see the vapor when the sun is drawing it up through the air."

"You do see it, sometimes, you know," answered the flake, "and you call it fog. Generally you cannot see it because the particles of water which make vapor are so very, very small; so small that it takes many millions of them to make a drop of rain."

"And this vapor is rising all the time, too," the boy continued, "from the ocean, from ponds and rivers, from the ground, from plants and trees, from animals, from almost everything on the earth, and yet we know nothing about it till we see it over our heads in clouds. It is very wonderful."

"Yes, it is wonderful," replied the snowflake; "and there are many other wonderful

things happening, which you will learn about when you are older."

— ANDERSEN.

hurrah	tiny	breathe	instantly
feathery	joyously	chasing	finally
match	join	notice	vapor
magnifying glass	understand	language	speech
generally	particles	millions	continued



10. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Many, many years ago our country was not free as it now is.

The land in which we live was claimed by a government across the ocean.

Over a hundred years ago the people in this country determined to free themselves from their masters.

I want to tell you of the principal man of those times.

This man was George Washington.

He was born in Virginia, where he spent the greater part of his life.

He attended a country school when a

boy, where he learned reading, writing, and arithmetic.

His father and mother were well educated people. They devoted much time and thought to the education of their son George, and trained him very carefully.

He was, above all things, taught to be obedient, truthful, and polite.



The Bible was carefully studied at the Washington home, so young George was taught to love the Word of God.

At the school which George attended, the boys would sometimes have sham battles. George was usually the leader of one side or the other.

While young he learned how to handle a gun. He learned also to give and to obey commands.

When he grew to be a young man, he went into the wilderness with a company

of other young men from his native state to fight the Indians.

In these battles he showed bravery and skill.

When the war began with England for the freedom of this country, Washington was chosen Commander-in-Chief, without an opposing vote.

Washington was greatly loved and respected by his men, for he shared all their sufferings.

He divided his food with those who had none, and was willing to suffer from cold that some poor sick fellow might use his blanket.

He was cool and brave at all times.

During eight years of hard fighting Washington was at the head of many brave followers, and at last led them to liberty and to happiness.

After the war Washington was elected President. Four years later he was re-elected. At the close of this last term he refused to fill the place again, as he wished

to spend the last years of his life in quiet on his Virginia plantation.

Washington firmly laid the foundation for our free and happy land. He was at all times just and fair, giving every man his right and faithfully serving his country and his God.

Washington is often called the "Father of his Country."

I think he justly deserves the name, and is entitled to the love of all patriots.

government	especially	plantation	escapes
determined	cultured	sham	opposing
Virginia	obedient	command	thorough
arithmetic	polite	wilderness	respected
blanket	liberty	foundation	faithfully



TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

"No school to-day! No school to-day!"

The children shouted, wild with glee.

"But why?" said grandpa. "Tell me, pray,

Why such a thing should be?

" 'Tis but the middle of the week !

'Twas Christmas lately, and New Year's !
Don't hurry off to hide and seek ;
There's some mistake, my dears."

" No, no ! There's surely no mistake ;
A holiday we have again ;
We're sure our ears were wide awake ;
The teacher said it plain."

" But why ? " " Grandpa, you ought to
know.

On such a February morn,
More than a hundred years ago,
George Washington was born."

" George Washington ? And who was he ? "

" A manly boy that told no lies ;
He grew to be a General, —
So brave, and good, and wise.

" And first in war, and first in peace,
First also in a nation's heart,
His birthday we will never cease
To love and set apart."

11. MABEL LEE.

Once there was a little girl named Mabel Lee, who liked to play in the grove with the flowers and the birds. She said that they told her pretty stories.

"Mabel, you must begin early to be industrious. You are now old enough to do a little work every day," said Mrs. Lee.

"Dear mamma," said Mabel, "I'd rather play in the grove; I do not like to work."

"Very well, Mabel. You may go to the grove and talk to the little creatures there."

Away Mabel ran to the woods. Soon a little red squirrel ran across her path. "Stop! stop! pretty squirrel," cried Mabel. "Come and play with me. You have no work to do, have you?"

"No work to do! My dear child, I have a large family to support. Just now, my mate and I are very busy storing away nuts for the long, cold winter. I must not stop to play with you."

Then a little bee came humming near.

"Busy bee, come play with me. You do nothing but fly from flower to flower."

"While the flowers last I must make honey and bee bread for the baby bees. It seems to me there is no time for anything but work. I must not be idle."

Mabel next saw an ant carrying a crumb of bread. "I wish you would drop that crumb and play with me, little ant. Is it not very heavy?"

"Yes, it is heavy; but I am too glad to get it not to be willing to carry it."

"I must not stop to play, but I will stay long enough to tell you how lazy I was one day. Our house was destroyed, and I was too lazy to help rebuild it. I said to my brothers and sisters, 'Let us travel; we may find a house ready-made; perhaps the merrymaking grasshoppers will play with us.'"

"We traveled a long way, but we found no ready-made house. After all, we were obliged to build one ourselves. Since then we have been contented to work."

“Good day, Miss,” said the ant, picking up the crumb and hurrying away.

This is what Mabel thought as she sat on a log watching the industrious ants: “All creatures have some work to do. They seem to enjoy it, too. I will go to the garden and ask the flowers what they have to do.”

She went to the geranium bed and said, “Beautiful scarlet geranium, do flowers work?”

“Do flowers work?” said the geranium. “Of course they do. We scarlet flowers gather all the red rays the good sun sends to us. We keep them in our soft petals to make them pretty for you. Those blue flowers gather the blue rays. The green rays are taken and held by the leaves. The roots drink water, which the stems carry to feed the leaves and the flowers.

“Flowers must work while the sun shines and the day lasts. Ah, my child, I assure you that flowers are a busy people. That is why they are happy.”

Mabel walked slowly into the house. "Dear mamma," she said, "the ants, the birds, the bees, and even the flowers have work to do. I, a little girl, am the only idle one. May I have something to do?"

"Certainly, my child. Here is a piece of work which you began long ago."

"Oh, yes, mamma! so long ago I had quite forgotten about it."

Mabel grew to be an industrious woman, never forgetting that work makes one happier than idleness does.

industrious	support	humming	honeycomb
crumb	destroyed	necessary	hurried
assure	homeward	happier	forgetting



12. SELF-CONTROL.

Did you ever think that each one of you has a kingdom of his own in which he must reign? Can you guess where your kingdom is?

Perhaps you cannot tell, just at first, so

I will help you. It is right within yourself, — indeed, it is yourself.

Solomon, the wisest king that ever lived, once said, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." You may be sure that this kingdom is not an easy one to govern. It sometimes makes trouble for its ruler.

Let us think of some of the ways in which it can give trouble. I think you must sometime have heard a man called intemperate. Did you know what it meant?

You have heard it said, too, that some one has bad habits. Now, intemperance comes from bad habits and is one of the strongest enemies that we have to fight against in our kingdom.

Intemperance means an over indulgence in anything. We may be intemperate in running, playing, or in anything that we do; but we more often use the word to mean too great indulgence in something that will harm us.

I hope you all know what it is to have a good appetite, so that you come hungry to every meal. But did you ever find that some kind of food tasted so good that you ate too much of it?

Perhaps you ate a piece of rich cake which you knew was not good for you. This is a kind of intemperance. It is indulging in a little pleasure now, which may cost you much trouble by and by.

Our stomachs are made to do only a certain amount of work; and if we give them too much to do by overloading them, they will become so tired and weak that they cannot serve us well.

A good, healthy appetite for food is a great blessing, but there is another kind of appetite which is not a blessing. This is the appetite for things that are harmful, such as tobacco, beer, and strong drink.

Why is it harmful to use tobacco? Because tobacco contains a poison, called nicotine, which is liable to produce heart trouble.

Much smoking sometimes causes cancer of the mouth or throat, a very painful and dangerous disease, that has been known to cause the death of the sufferer.

Tobacco is especially harmful to boys who are not yet fully grown. It is almost sure to hinder their growth in every way, and to make them small, weak men, when they might have been large and strong.

The habit of using tobacco is a filthy one, that injures the appearance of him who indulges in it. Persons who do not like tobacco are frequently much annoyed by those who use it, and are sometimes made sick by breathing the smoke from a cigar or a pipe.

Then, the habit of using tobacco is a very expensive one. Think how much money a boy who smokes might have if he would put into the savings bank every five cents that he spends for a cigar! It is the cents that make the dollars, you know.

If you know a boy who smokes, ask him

to try putting into a savings bank what he would spend for tobacco, and see how much money he will have in his bank at the end of the month.

It is said by those who know, that the habit of smoking may lead to the desire for strong drink. This is one of the worst things that can be said about tobacco.

It is well known that the appetite for strong drink is easily formed. When once formed, that appetite is very hard to control. It demands more and more of the poisonous liquid. Thousands of persons are ruined every year by becoming victims of this terrible appetite.

But, boys, the way to keep control of yourselves is to avoid bad habits; the way to be sure that you will not become a slave to drink is: *Never take the first glass.*

indulgence	govern	kingdom	running
appetite	stomachs	breathing	nicotine
appearance	especially	terrible	tobacco
expensive	yourselves	annoyed	harmful
trouble	enemies	pleasure	cancer

FANNY'S FAIRIES.

“I wonder,” said blue-eyed Fanny,
“How all the tiny buds know
Winter is gone and spring is here,
Waiting for them to grow!

“Don’t you believe that the fairies
Whisper the news in the night;
And, for love of them, the blossoms
Open their eyes to the light?”

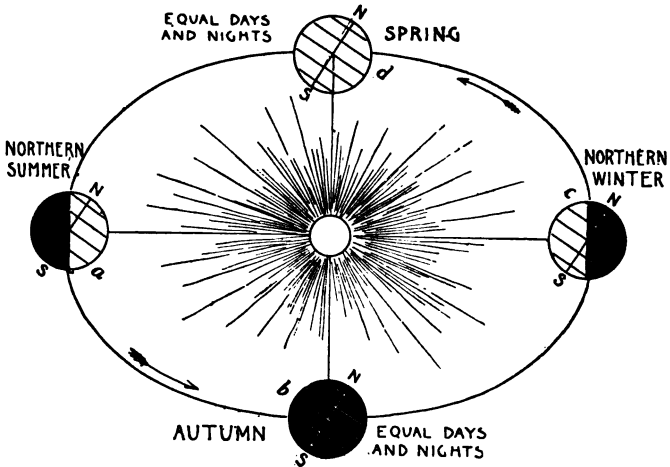
Yes, little Fan, — and the fairies
That wake all the early flowers
Are the bright, warm April sunbeams,
And the gentle April showers.



13. THE SEASONS.

One, two, three, four, five! While you
have been counting these five beats or
seconds you have been carried through
space more than a thousand miles; for
not only is the earth spinning on its axis,

bringing day and night in every twenty-four hours, but it is also traveling around the sun in a path like this.



As it makes the journey of so many miles in a year, it moves very rapidly, so rapidly that some one has said that, "for every breath we draw, the earth advances forty or fifty miles!" This almost frightens us when we think that the fastest railroad trains travel only a mile a minute.

As the turning of the earth on its axis brings day and night, the yearly moving of

the earth around the sun brings the four seasons: summer, when the days are long and hot; winter, when they are short and cold; spring, when they are mild and rainy; and autumn, when they are cool and frosty.

This change in the seasons is caused by the way in which the sun's rays fall upon the earth as it sweeps along.

When the rays fall vertically the days are longest and hottest; when they fall slantingly the days are coldest and shortest.

Spring is the season when the buds of trees and plants burst into leaves and blossoms; when the grass begins to recarpet the earth; when the farmer sows his seed, and the children go to the woods for arbutus, bluets, violets, and bloodroot.

Summer is the season for vacation, when we turn our backs upon the heated towns and cities for the seashore or the mountains. The leaves of the trees are greener and larger, giving more shade; the blos-

soms in the orchard have changed to fruit, while in our gardens we have lilies and roses instead of the sweet wild flowers of spring.

With the coming of autumn, school begins; the days grow cooler; the leaves of the trees become scarlet and golden before they fall; the flowers die. But the grain is harvested; the apple trees are shaken until their mellow fruit falls to the ground to be gathered and stored away for winter use; boys and squirrels are busy with nutting parties. Halloween and Thanksgiving day come with this beautiful season.

Last of all we have cold winter, with his snow and ice for sleighing and skating. Although he is cold we greet him joyfully, for he brings a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to every boy and girl.

seasons	space	advances	frightens
breath	yearly	summer	vertically
Halloween	caused	sleighing	hottest
autumn	slantingly	burst	recarpet
parties	arbutus	Christmas	vacation

SPRING AND THE FLOWERS.



In the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sleet,
Little flowers begin their growing
Far beneath our feet.

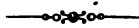
Softly taps the Spring and cheerily,
“Darlings, are you there?”

Till they answer, “We are nearly,
Nearly ready, dear.”

“Where is Winter, with his snowing?
Tell us, Spring,” they say.

Then she answers: “He is going,
Going on his way.”

Poor old Winter does not love you,
But his time is past ;
Soon my birds shall sing above you —
Set you free at last.”



SUMMER IS NIGH.



How do I know? why, this very day
A robin sat on a tilting spray,
And merrily sang a song of May.
Jack Frost has fled from the rippling brook,
And a trout peeped out from his shady
nook ;

A butterfly, too, flew lazily by,
And the willow catkins shook from on
 high
Their yellow dust, as I passed by.
And so I know that summer is nigh.



THE LEAVES AND THE WIND.



“Come, little leaves,” said the wind one
 day,
“Come over the meadows with me, and
 play ;
Put on your dresses of red and gold ;
Summer is gone, and the days grow
 cold.”

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud
call,

Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and
flew,

Singing the soft little songs they knew,—

“Cricket, good-by; we've been friends so
long;

Little brook, sing us your farewell song,

Say you are sorry to see us go;

Ah! you are sorry, right well we know.

“Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we've watched you in vale and
glade;

Say, will you dream of our loving shade?”

Dancing and whirling the little leaves
went;

Winter had called them, and they were
content.

Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

—GEORGE COOPER.

NOVEMBER.

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child, —

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves ;

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb ;
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And wind and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow!

— ALICE CARY.

November	fading	clover	boughs
ceased	quail	rough	swallow
loveliest	whirling	sleet	beauteous
darling	cheerily	rippling	beneath
robin	answers	catkins	nook
butterfly	tilting	heard	fluttering
meadows	lazily	fleecy	vale
cricket	farewell	earthly	coverlet

Who made the rocks, the hills, the trees,
The mountains and the vales;
The flocks, the herds, the cooling breeze,
The stream that never fails?

WINTER.



Old Winter comes forth in his robe of white;
He sends the sweet flowers far out of sight;
He robs the trees of their green leaves
bright,

And freezes the pond and river.

He has spoiled the butterfly's pretty vest,
And ordered the birds not to build their
nests,

And banished the frog to a four months'
rest,

And makes all the children shiver.

Yet he does some good with his icy tread,
For he keeps the corn seeds warm in their
bed;

He dries up the damp which the rain has
spread,
And renders the air more healthy.

We like the spring with its fine fresh air;
We like the summer with flowers so fair;
We like the fruits we in autumn share,
And we like, too, old Winter's greeting.

robe	healthy	freezes	ordered
banished	shiver	renders	autumn



14. THE BOY AT THE DIKE.

Let me tell you a story about a little boy in Holland, which I read in a book a good many years ago. Perhaps you have seen it before; but no matter; you will like to read it again, I am sure.

This little boy was on his way home one night, from a village to which he had been sent by his father on an errand. By chance he noticed the water trickling through a narrow opening in the dike, a

large bank which had been built up to keep out the sea.

He stopped, and thought of what would happen if the hole were not closed. He knew, for he had often heard his father tell of the sad disasters which had come from small beginnings, that in a few hours the opening would become bigger and let in the mighty mass of water, and that the rolling, dashing, angry sea would sweep on to the next village, destroying life and property in its way.

Should he run home and alarm the villagers? It would be dark before they could arrive; the hole, even then, might be so large as to defy all attempts to close it. What could he do to prevent such terrible ruin? — he, only a little boy!

I will tell you what he did. He sat down on the bank of the canal, stopped the opening with his hand, and patiently awaited the passing of a villager.

Hour after hour passed slowly by, yet there sat the heroic boy in the cold and

darkness, shivering, wet, and tired. But no one came.

All night he stayed at his post. At last morning broke, when a clergyman, walking up the canal, and hearing a groan, looked around to see whence it came.

“Why are you there, my child?” he asked, seeing the boy, and being surprised at his strange position.

“I am keeping back the water, sir, to save the village from being drowned,” answered the child, with lips so benumbed with cold that he could hardly speak.

The astonished minister relieved the boy and sent him to alarm the villagers, who came out and mended the dike, thus removing the danger which threatened hundreds of lives and vast amounts of property.

Heroic boy! What a noble spirit of self-devotedness he had shown! And what was it that sustained him through that lonesome night? Why, when his teeth chattered, his limbs trembled, and his

heart was wrung with anxiety, did he not flee to his home? What thought bound him to his seat?

Was it not the responsibility of his position? Did he not resolve to brave all the fatigue, the danger, the cold, the darkness, rather than permit the ruin that would come if he deserted his post? His mind pictured the quiet homes and beautiful farms of the people all desolated by floods of water, and he said to himself, "I will stay here and die at my post if need be."

Holland	opening	defence	villagers
village	dike	rolling	attempts
noticed	happen	destroying	terrible
trickling	beginning	property	patiently
awaited	dangerous	clergyman	position
relieved	lonesome	benumbed	chattered



15. FORGIVENESS.

Children, I want to tell you a story which will prove to you that one should

not be too hasty in condemning his neighbor.

A soldier in the German army was thought to have deserted his post.

He was followed by some of his fellow-soldiers, caught, and without thorough trial, condemned to death.

Although he pleaded and asserted his innocence, he received no mercy from his accusers.

The young lieutenant who held the trial, ordered the poor man to be shot to death by the man who accused him of neglecting his duty.

He was forced to stand, blindfolded, in front of a stone wall, so as to render escape impossible.

This was unnecessary, however; for the soldier made no attempt to escape, as he was innocent, and was willing to appear before God.

A few yards in front of him stood his heartless accuser, rifle in hand.

He was about to take the life of an

innocent man, yet he showed no grief nor reluctance.

He raised his rifle, fired, and immediately fell himself, whereas the doomed man stood unharmed.

In his haste to rob a fellow-man of his life, he had loaded his gun too heavily. His rifle burst in his hand and wounded him.

It was afterwards learned that the supposed deserter had obtained a leave of absence; that is, he had obtained permission to leave the army for a few weeks to visit his home and family.

When this was learned, every one was overjoyed at his escape, whereas no one pitied the wounded man.

Don't you think the wounded man received just punishment?

Let us always believe a man innocent until we prove him guilty; even then, let us give him mercy, and forgive him if possible.

Forgiveness is sweet both to the forgiver and to the forgiven.

Do not look for wrong and evil, —
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor,
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage,
In the glass you meet a smile.

— ALICE CARY.

condemning	pleaded	lieutenant	unnecessary
neighbor	asserted	neglecting	overjoyed
deserted	permission	impossible	reluctance
thorough	punishment	visage	whereas
accused	absence	immediately	unharmd
attempt	afterwards	heavily	innocent
obtained	received	wounded	guilty



Write the story of the German soldier
in your own language.

What is meant by the last two lines of
the first stanza above?

What is meant by the last two lines of
the second stanza?

16. LAFAYETTE.

The name of Lafayette is dear to all Americans. Some of you, perhaps, have not heard about this good man, and what reason the people of our country have to love him.

Lafayette was a Frenchman who lived a good many years ago. He belonged to a wealthy family, and when a boy, lived very happily in his beautiful home in France. He was a great favorite with the king, and was much flattered and petted; but, as we shall see, this did not make him vain and selfish.



When he was about nineteen years old, he heard that the people of America were trying to make their country free. He was much interested in the new country across the sea, as America was then called. He believed

that we were right in wishing to govern ourselves, and he resolved to aid us all he could.

He made up his mind to come to America, and help us fight for freedom. He knew that the king of France would be opposed to his coming, so he secretly fitted up a vessel at his own expense, and set sail for the new world.

He landed in Charleston, South Carolina, and after leaving all needed directions about his vessel, started at once for Philadelphia, where Congress was assembled. In those days there were no railroads in this country. Journeys from place to place had to be made on foot or on horseback. Lafayette traveled on horseback from Charleston, and was more than a month on the way.

Though Lafayette had brought with him a letter to Congress, given him by the American minister in France, he was not at first very cordially received. But the young Frenchman was so eager to help

that he offered to serve in the army, without any pay; so he was given a position as one of General Washington's aids.

Washington became very fond of him, and loved him as he would an own son. The friendship thus formed between these two noble men was lifelong.

Lafayette was a very gallant soldier. He was wounded in one of the first battles in which he took part, and had to be in a hospital for a while. For his great bravery Washington made him a general.

A little later he went back to his own country to ask the help of the French people for our country. Though he had displeased the king very much when he came to America, he was received with great favor when he went back. The king promised to send a large army to help the Americans.

The French people were willing to help America because France and England were not at that time on friendly terms with each other; and it was against England,

you remember, that our country was fighting.

When Lafayette came back to America with the news that the French troops were coming to join our army, he was received with great joy. Without the help which he and his soldiers gave, Washington might not have been successful in the war for freedom.

After the war was over, Lafayette went home to France, carrying with him the love of all the American people. Later in his life he made two visits to our country, being received with distinguished honor on both occasions.

The first of these visits was made soon after the close of the war. When he landed in New York at that time, the people came out into the streets to welcome him with music and floating banners. All places of business were closed in his honor.

During that visit, he spent several delightful days with Washington at his home in Mt. Vernon.

Forty years later, when Lafayette had become an old man, our Congress invited him to visit this country again. He accepted the invitation gladly, for he had not lost his affection for the American people.

Washington had died some years before this visit. Lafayette visited his tomb and wept over it.

Lafayette showed his noble and unselfish nature by his service to our country. He had nothing to gain for himself, but took the risk of losing everything, in coming to America and fighting for us.

In all his later life he showed the same noble spirit. He never shrank from any danger or sacrifice, if by it he could prevent suffering or protect the defenceless.

Let us honor his name and cherish his memory; and let us help to keep our country what he believed it would be, — one of the greatest nations of the earth.

Lafayette	freedom	minister	secretly
sacrifice	business	occasions	England
delightful	carrying	Carolina	soldiers

DAYBREAK.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone;"

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"

And o'er the farms, "O chanticler!
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

— LONGFELLOW.

17. THE SUNRISE.

On the longest day of the year, the twenty-first day of June, Tom, who was spending his first vacation in the country, got up early to see the sun rise.

If he had been a country boy, the rising of the sun would not have been an unusual sight; but Tom had always lived in the city, where most of the people do not rise so early as they do in the country.

As he stepped out on the porch and looked toward the east, he noticed a few faintly colored streaks of light reaching upward from the horizon and spreading out like the fingers of a wide-opened hand.

In a short time the pinkish rays became red. How beautiful it was! Tom reproached himself for not having watched the day dawn before.

Suddenly, after all this splendor, the king of day — large, round, and as red as a ball of fire — appeared. Slowly he moved upward in the sky.

What a change his coming made! Until the sun rose, Tom had heard only the twittering of birds, the murmuring of the brook, and the rustling of the leaves. But now the cows began to low and the sheep to bleat, while from the neighboring houses came the sounds of opening windows and doors and of people moving about.

Tom was soon joined by his father, who was delighted with his account of the sunrise, telling him he would find much pleasure during the day in watching the sun's journey across the sky.

The sun appeared to rise higher and higher, until noon, when it reached the highest point in the sky, just overhead. During the long afternoon he seemed to come slowly back toward the earth.

Tom knew, from his study of geography, that the sun really stood still, while the turning of the earth made it seem to move. He had often noticed, while sailing in a boat, or riding in a car or carriage, that

trees, houses, fences, and other objects along the way, appeared to move, while they were really still.



Later than usual — for this, you remember, was the longest day of the year — the sun reached the horizon again, but this time in the west, nearly opposite the point from which he rose.

Soon he sank below the horizon, leaving only a beautiful glow as a pleasant remembrance. But Tom was not sorry to see him disappear, for he knew he had gone to drive night away from the other side of the globe.

THE SUN'S JOURNEY.

Oh! I love, in the early morning,
To hear the twitter and trill
Of birds, as the sun comes peeping
O'er the top of the far-off hill.

Big and round and yellow
He lifts his shining face ;
If I point to where I see him,
East, I must call the place.

And all through the summer morning,
He is climbing the sky's blue hill,
While the air grows hot and drowsy
And the singing birds grow still.

Till he reaches the highest summit,
Then slowly he goes to rest,
And the place where last I see him
I must always call the West.

—L. M. HADLEY.

twitter
highest

trill
summit

shining
drowsy

through
reaches

A GOOD NAME.

Children, choose it,
Don't refuse it,
'Tis a precious diadem ;
Highly prize it,
Don't despise it,
You will need it when you're men.

Love and cherish,
Keep and nourish,
'Tis more precious far than gold ;
Watch and guard it,
Don't discard it,
You will need it when you're old.

cherish	choose	precious	diadem
despise	nourish	guard	children



LITTLE THINGS.

A cup of water timely brought,
An offered easy-chair,
A turning of a window blind
That all may feel the air,

An early flower bestowed unasked,
A light and cautious tread,
A voice to softest whispers hushed
To spare an aching head, —
Oh! things like these, though little things,
The purest love disclose,
As fragrant atoms in the air
Reveal the hidden rose.

timely brought offered bestowed

THE SPARROW AND THE CANARY.

'Twas a little brown sparrow, who fluttered
along,
Too hungry and cold for a chirp or a song;
He hopped down the street with his chilly
bare feet,
And searched on the pavement for some-
thing to eat.
O poor tiny sparrow,
The sleet and the snow
Make winter so dreary,
'Tis easy to know.

'Twas a little canary, all yellow and green,
The prettiest fellow that ever was seen ;
He had plenty of seed and pure water at
need,

And his house was as gay as a palace
indeed,

O merry canary,
You flit to and fro,
The summer is with you
Whatever winds blow.

• Our Bess at the window cried, "Sparrow,
come here,

I'll save you from perils, you poor little dear,
I'll keep you from cold, in a cage bright as
gold,

And feed you with cracker dust daintily
rolled.

Come, brave little sparrow,
And tarry with me.
Though the tempest be freezing,
No winter you'll see."

"Oh, thanks, bonny child," said the bird
with a frown,

And shook out his shivering feathers of
brown.

“I can hop down the street with my free
little feet,
And though famine is bitter, still liberty’s
sweet.

A cold little sparrow
And hungry, perhaps,
But not to be caught in
A cage, or like traps.”

“Sing loud, my canary, and tell me your
love,”

Said Bessie, who hovered her wee pet above.
Loud sang the canary, “I wish I could go
Out there with that sparrow to fly through
the snow.”

“Ungrateful canary,
You would not leave me?”

“All birds, little mistress,
Prefer to be free.”

sparrow	fluttering	chirp	searched
pavement	canary	dreary	prettiest
palace	perils	daintily	tempest

18. THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.



After learning about Washington, I think you would like to know how and where he lived.

Washington, when a boy, lived at Mount Vernon, as his home in Virginia is called.

It was his wish to stay here all his life to engage in farming.

He was, however, summoned to lead the army of the Colonists, and for eight years he saw his home but little.

Mount Vernon is situated about fifteen miles south of Washington city.

The house is a two-story wooden struc-

ture having large porches both in front and in the rear.

The roof of the front porch, as you see by the cut, is supported by large, stately pillars.

At one end of the house, and connected with it by a covered passage-way, is the kitchen, while at the other end is the overseer's house.

This makes the back of the house appear semi-circular in shape. That is, in the shape of a half circle.

The mansion is built on the summit of a tree-covered hill overlooking the Potomac River and commanding a beautiful view up and down that stream.

In Washington's time a well-kept lawn extended from the house down to the river. Now, however, a small grove of trees has been planted near the river. In this several tame deer sport and play, often coming to the fence to eat from the hands of the visitors.

Back of the house are the little cabins

in which the negro servants of Washington used to live.

Each cabin had its little poultry yard and vegetable garden.

Here at night, after working in the field all day, the tired men would sit with their



wives, singing old negro songs, and at times dancing to the music of the banjo.

Washington often visited his men at night, inquiring after their welfare and helping the needy. He always treated them kindly, so in return they would do anything for Massa George, as he was called.

Around Washington's home were woods in which the deer and fox roamed at will. Washington liked to take his rifle and hunt these graceful creatures.

The old Virginia home was a very comfortable place in which to live. The rooms were large and well lighted. In the winter time the house was warmed by a fireplace in each room. Large logs were burned in these fireplaces. Washington was a rich man for the time in which he lived. He owned many fine horses and several carriages. On Sunday he drove six or seven miles to church and back.

Washington was a great lover of animals. He owned many dogs, cats, chickens, and doves, which he was accustomed to feed with his own hand.

Don't you think that so good a man as Washington deserved a delightful spot like Mount Vernon in which to spend the last years of his life?

Some day you must go to Mount Vernon, where you will see everything much as it

was over a hundred years ago. It is owned by a society of ladies, being open to visitors all the year.

Washington is buried at Mount Vernon. His grave overlooks the river which he loved so well to see when he was alive. His wife is buried by his side.

marriage	engage	Revolution	valuable
refused	remainder	porches	kitchen
semi-circular	mansion	Potomac	summit
commanding	visitors	negro	poultry
vegetable	welfare	dale	deserved
graceful	carriages	accustomed	society



19. CHESSIE'S ARBOR DAY.

Jimmie Savage is a very naughty boy, if he is my cousin. Mamma and papa said so, and you will say so, too, when I tell you about it.

Yesterday was Arbor Day, but I didn't know how to keep it, so I asked Jimmie. I keep Valentine's Day by sending valen-

tines, and I make presents at Christmas, and I eat all the good things I can on Thanksgiving Day ; but I didn't know what to do on Arbor Day.

Well, Jimmie said that all the little girls must take their dolls and their sewing, and go and sit in the arbor all day long. That is what I must do on Arbor Day.

So I dressed all my dolls in their best clothes, and took the handkerchief that I am hemming for Blanche, and carried them out into the arbor.

Then I asked Katie for a lunch. She gave me some beautiful jumbles and a cranberry tart ; then I got a banana and an orange off the sideboard—just what I would eat for dessert if I were there to dinner, and I carried them all out to the arbor.

I thought I would better put on my thickest coat and cap, because it wasn't so very warm. I put the dolls up on one seat, in a row, and gave them some bits

of jumble to keep them quiet, while I sewed on my handkerchief.

It was very pleasant there, because the sun shone in so bright, and the wind didn't blow much that day.

When I had almost finished the handkerchief, I was hungry, and I ate all my luncheon. Then the sun made me shut my eyes, and I suppose I went to sleep; for the next thing I knew, I was lying on the seat, near which were papa and mamma, looking at me.

"Why, Chessie, child, what are you doing out here?" said mamma.

When I told them how I was keeping Arbor Day, they laughed; but mamma cuddled me up in her arms, and hurried me off into the house, because she was afraid I had taken cold. It was the middle of the afternoon, and I had been asleep all that time. They had been looking everywhere for me.

Papa said Jimmie was a naughty boy to tell me such stuff. Then he told me that

on Arbor Day we must plant trees, and that we need not sit in the arbor at all. He says I may plant a tree this afternoon, because it is so long to wait till next Arbor Day.

I suppose I shall have to forgive Jimmie, because he is my cousin, and because he lets me wind up his engine and take my dolls to ride on his railway train. Mamma says I ought to forgive him, because it is right to forgive everybody.

naughty	cousin	valentines	Christmas
handkerchief	lunch	sewing	Thanksgiving
cranberry	jumbles	banana	finished
hurried	suppose	railway	cuddled
forgive	hemming	carried	pleasant
engine	beautiful	laughed	middle



REMINDING THE HEN.

“It’s well I ran into the garden,”

Said Eddie, his face all aglow ;

“For what do you think, mamma, happened ?

You never will guess it, I know.

“The little brown hen was there clucking.
‘Cut-cut,’ she’d say, quick as a wink,
Then ‘Cut-cut,’ again, only slower,
And then she would stop short and think.

“And then she would say it all over—
She did look so mad and so vexed;
Mamma, do you know, she’d forgotten
The word that she ought to cluck next.

“So *I* said, ‘*Ca-daw-cut, ca-daw-cut,*’
As loud and as strong as I could,
And she looked ‘round at me very thankful;
I tell you, it made her feel good.

“Then she flapped, and said, ‘Cut-cut-*ca-daw-cut*’;
She remembered just how it went then.
But it’s well I ran into the garden—
She might never have clucked right
again!”

—BESSIE CHANDLER, *in* CHRISTIAN AT WORK.

reminding	aglow	happened	clucking
wink	vexed	cluck	forgotten
thankful	flapped	garden	ought

20. DOGS.



Are you fond of dogs?

I will tell you to what uses some dogs are put in this and other countries.

The dog is man's dearest pet, and next to the horse is the most useful animal he has.

First there is the common house dog of no particular breed, whose noisy bark keeps tramps and sneak thieves away from the house during the day when the men folks are away from home, and at night when all are asleep.

He is a sleepy animal, but while he dozes with one eye he keeps the other on

the baby at play on the floor, sometimes rolling the same eye upward at his mistress to see that she is all right.



She speaks a kind word to him; his shaggy tail goes thump, thump against the floor, causing baby to laugh and scream with delight. The kittens play around him without fear and go to sleep between his shaggy paws.

The mastiff is a fine watch dog also. He is used in some



countries to hunt the lion, the tiger, and other fierce animals.

I am the noble mastiff, a watch dog true;
Many a noble deed I do;

To guard your homes I take delight ;
My bay sounds far through the silent night.
I've fought the lion, and conquered the
bear ;
My friends I protect ; let my foes beware.

Then there is the faithful shepherd dog that watches the flock during the day and drives the sheep into the fold at night.

Some of these long nosed, shaggy haired dogs know the number of sheep in a flock, so that if at night the usual number does



not pass through the gate, back goes Mr. Dog to the pasture, finds the stray ones, and brings them back safe.

These dogs are of much service to farmers, for at night they are excellent watch dogs.

The proud and noble Newfoundland dogs, which come from the island of that name, are used in some countries in place of horses.

In Belgium, and also in parts of Germany, these faithful animals are harnessed to little carts, in which they haul the farmer's produce to market.

The man sits in the cart smoking his long pipe or sleeping, while his wife or daughter drives the dog with a long whip.



The dog needs little driving, however, for he was born to this life, and seems to think it his duty to pull his master to market and back.

These dogs give little attention to what may be on the streets. Other dogs—those little thin, unfed, snappy, homeless creatures—may snap and bark at them

until they are tired, but our Newfoundland notices them not.

Newfoundland dogs are very brave, and will risk their lives to save that of another dog or of a man. They are fine swimmers, and have been known to jump into the water to save a drowning dog or man without a word of command from their masters.

I am the Newfoundland, trusty and bold;
I love the water, and do as I'm told.
I'm sometimes rough in my bounding
play, —

Please to excuse it, 'tis only my way, —
But many a life I've been known to save
From the cruel depth of the pitiless wave.

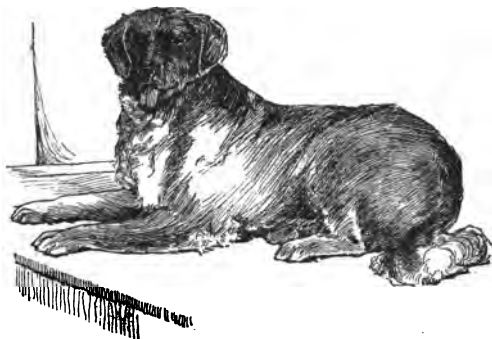
One of the most noble breeds of dog is the Saint Bernard.

This kind of dog originated on Mount Saint Bernard in Switzerland.

These dogs are trained to rescue lost travelers from the snow which is always found on the top of this lofty mountain.

One dog carried a medal on his neck, stating that he had rescued from death twenty-two persons.

Is not that a noble record?



In the cold climates, way up by the north pole, one finds the Eskimo dogs.

The inhabitants fasten these dogs in packs of ten or more to their sledges. These faithful creatures will run many, many miles without tiring.

Often they fight with each other, tangling the harness; then the Eskimo jumps from the sledge and beats the dogs into submission with a heavy stick.

This seems cruel, but sometimes the dogs can not be controlled in any other way.

These dogs are seldom fed by their masters, as food is very scarce, so they are compelled to find their own dinners. They often catch fish from the water ; but some-



times they are compelled to go for days with very little, if any, food. At such times they become savage from hunger and will at-

tack each other. The stronger ones have been known to kill and eat the weaker ones. This seems strange to us, but we must remember that these dogs are much like the gray wolf.

I am the dog of the Eskimo ;
I drag their sledges over the snow ;
I can run and leap ; I laugh at the cold ;
I'm useful, hardy, strong, and bold.

mastiff
excellent
conquered

shepherd
delight
pasture

Eskimo
savage
sledges

pitiless
rescued
medal

21. OUR COUNTRY AS IT IS.



On the nineteenth page of this book a lesson is begun, entitled "Our Country as it was." Have you read the lesson? Were you interested in it?

How very different our country now is from what it was at the time when it began to be settled by white people. The forests have been cut down; where they once stood beautiful farms have been made.

Have you not seen a landscape dotted with white farmhouses in the midst of fields, and pastures crossed and recrossed

by fences? How peaceful it looks! How contented and happy are the people who live there!

How great has been the change from a dark, thick forest, in which wild animals roamed at will, to a collection of happy homes, where bright boys and girls are growing to be useful men and women. Can you realize how much time it has taken and how much labor and care it has cost to make this great change?

Take for the subject of your next composition, "How a Forest Region becomes a Landscape dotted with Happy Homes."

You have been to the neighboring town or city. You have seen the great warehouses; you have seen the factories; you have seen the railroads; you have seen the bridges spanning the rivers or other streams. Where this city now stands there was once an Indian village.

There is a great difference between an Indian village and a large city like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, or

Washington. The differences are so many that one can hardly think of them all.

To reach the neighboring town or city you traveled in a carriage on a well-made road, took a steamer and sailed on the river or sound, or rode in a railroad car. On your way you saw telegraph poles and wires, over which word was sent, perhaps, that you were coming.

The carriage and good road, the steamer, the railroad, and the telegraph, each shows the great change that has taken place in our beloved country since it was first settled.

In the town or city that you visited you found schools, libraries, museums, and churches—places where people learn to be wiser and better. These show that the people who now live here are very different from the savages who once lived here.

If you were able to make a long journey, you would find the country to be very large. It is much larger than the early settlers thought it was. Even now many persons do not realize how large it is.

In only a few parts of this country are large forests now found. They have been cut away. In their places are to be seen many beautiful valleys and mountain slopes dotted with farmhouses.

The city that you visited or in which you live, is but one of many cities in our country. The villages and small towns are as numerous as the farm-dotted landscapes. In these cities and villages are warehouses, factories, workshops, and thousands of happy homes. The Indian villages are less numerous than the forests. But few can be found in all our country. Indeed, not many Indians are left now.

On our rivers float thousands of steamers. The railroads are so numerous that one can go by rail to any part of the country he desires to visit. In all towns and cities and country neighborhoods are found schools, libraries, museums, and churches.

We love our homes; we love our schools; we love our people; we love our country. Happy, prosperous America!

22. THANKSGIVING DAY.



“Pray tell me why we honor
This one day in the year,
And why we try to keep it
When the autumn time is here.”

I have heard you ask what Thanksgiving Day means.

It is a day on which we return thanks to God for all the good things he has given us during the year.

It occurs almost always on the last Thursday of November.

The custom of having a Thanksgiving Day began in this country nearly three hundred years ago. Only a few white people lived here then, although there were many red men, or Indians.

When these white people reached this country, it was cold December weather. They found no houses, no stores, and very little food. During the long, cold winter more than half their number died.

They learned from the Indians that corn was good for food, so in the following spring, they planted corn and peas and sowed barley.

In the autumn, after living ten months in the new land, they gathered their first harvest, when they found they had enough food to keep them through the coming year.

These good people were very thankful for this, so they set a day on which to give thanks to God for his goodness to them. They had a thanksgiving service in the church. At home they made a feast. Hunters brought in waterfowl, wild turkeys, and venison.

Massasoit, chief of one of the Indian tribes, had been very kind to the white people from the first. He with ninety of his Indians was invited to the feast. It was a day of general rejoicing.

You will learn in your history that Massasoit and these early settlers whom he befriended, lived in that part of our country called New England. The first Thanksgiving Day passed so pleasantly that others were appointed, year after year, until it grew to be a custom to have a Thanksgiving Day after harvest time.

From New England the custom has been carried into nearly all the States of our country.

Of late years Thanksgiving Day has been appointed by the President of the United States. The Governors of the different States in which the day is observed, issue their proclamations at about the same time that the President issues his. Abraham Lincoln, in 1862, was the first President to set apart this day as a national holiday.

Wherever kept, especially in New England, the day is prized as an occasion for joyous family reunions.

honor	Thanksgiving	autumn	barley
President	occurred	although	heard



MORNING HYMN.

God made the sky that looks so blue,
He made the grass so green,
He made the flowers that smell so sweet
In pretty colors seen.

He made the sun that shines so bright,
And gladdens all I see ;
It comes to give us light and heat ;
How thankful we should be !

God made the water for our drink,
He made the fish to swim,
He made the trees to bear good fruit ;
Oh ! how we should love him !

What can we do for this kind Friend
Who gives us all these joys ?
We'll try all naughty ways to mend,
Be better girls and boys.

23. CITY AND COUNTRY.



Have you ever thought about the difference between the way people live in a large city and the way people live in the country?

In the summer time, on the farm, if vegetables are needed for dinner, some one goes to the garden or field to dig the potatoes, or to pull the beets from the ground, or to cut the cabbage from the stalk. Peas or beans are picked from the vines;

lettuce or asparagus is cut from the garden beds. The cows are milked morning and evening, so the milk and butter may be always fresh and sweet.

In the city, all these articles and others, if they are wanted, must be bought at the markets or at stores or shops. The houses and stores are so close together that there is little room in which to plant and raise vegetables. Cows and chickens cannot be kept except as they are confined in barns or sheds.

Nearly all the milk, the butter, and the eggs used by the thousands of people in cities, are brought from the country. Every morning railway trains carry into cities a great many large cans of milk. These are taken by milk wagons that are in waiting at the stations for the purpose of distributing the milk from house to house.

If these trains were to stop running for a single day, great inconvenience would be caused. Many little children who almost live on milk would be without food.

On the farm, if water is needed, the bucket is filled at the pump or well. In the city, one turns a faucet to fill his glass, pitcher, or bucket as the water flows from a pipe. The pipe is connected with a larger one which runs along the street under ground. This larger pipe extends sometimes several miles to a large pond or reservoir.

The reservoir is situated on some high ground, so that the water runs downhill, through the pipes that are laid under ground, and into and through those that connect with the houses. When the pipe is opened by turning the faucet, the water runs out.

In the country, when the sun goes down it quickly grows dark. The farmer stops his work and rests until the sun appears again. In the city, the streets are lighted with gas or electricity as soon as it begins to grow dark.

Many kinds of work are continued far into the night. Street cars are kept run-

ning, and shops are kept open. Carriages are seen going in all directions.

The first part of the night, or evening as it is called, is the time given to lectures, concerts, and other amusements. Many people may be seen on the sidewalks, passing and repassing, till a late hour, sometimes till nearly midnight.

These are some of the differences between ways of life in city and country. You will learn of many others as you grow older.

cabbage	asparagus	lettuce	articles
vegetables	chickens	waiting	distributing
reservoir	connected	faucet	situated
downhill	carriages	lighted	markets
evening	directions	pitcher	sidewalks



THE BEST WE CAN.

When things don't go to suit us,
Why should we fold our hands,
And say, "No use in trying;
Fate baffles all our plans?"

Let not your courage falter,
Keep faith in God and man,
And to this thought be steadfast —
“I'll do the best I can.”

If clouds blot out the sunshine
Along the way you tread,
Don't grieve in hopeless fashion
And sigh for brightness fled.
Beyond the clouds the sunlight
Shines in the Eternal Plan;
Trust that the way will brighten,
And do the best you can.

Away with vain repinings;
Sing songs of hope and cheer,
Till many a weary comrade
Grows strong of heart to hear.
Who sings when he's in trouble
Is aye the wisest man.
He can't help what has happened,
But — does the best he can.

If things won't go to suit us,
Let's never fume and fret,

For finding fault with fortune'
Ne'er mended matters yet.
Make best of whate'er happens ;
Bear failure like a man ;
In good or evil fortune
Do just the best you can.

—EBEN E. REXFORD.

baffles	grieve	courage	steadfast
repinings	comrade	Eternal	brightness
fume	fortune	failure	vain



24. THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.



At the capital of the nation the people of this country have erected a monument to the memory of George Washington.

As you see by the picture, the monument is an unbroken shaft.

It is built of white marble, being 555 feet high.

Its base is more than forty feet square.

An elevator runs up the center, taking twelve minutes to make the trip from the bottom to the top, where, every clear day, many persons go to enjoy the beautiful view from the windows.

Persons wishing to walk up or down can do so, as there is a flight of stairs encircling the elevator.

The inside of the monument is well lighted by electricity.

Nearly all the states and territories of our country, also many foreign countries as well as many private parties, have sent slabs or stones with appropriate inscriptions on them. These have been placed on the inner wall for the visitors to look at.

Sloping terraces surround the bottom of the monument, making the whole a beautiful sight.

The Washington Monument, the highest structure of its kind in the world, is a fine token of the love the American people have for the memory of this great and good man.

monument	capital	shaft	elevator
encircling	electricity	territory	appropriate
inspection	terraces	inscriptions	structure



25. THE SUN'S FAMILY.

I.

"Please tell me a story, Frank," said Philip, as the two boys sat in the shade of a large tree.

"Mamma has told me many wonderful stories. I will try to recall one," said Frank.

"But what is the most wonderful of all?" asked Philip.

"Let me see. Well — perhaps — I think that the story of what mamma called the solar system, or the sun's family, is the

most wonderful of all she has told me."

"Solar system!" repeated Philip. "That certainly sounds hard enough to puzzle even a fairy. Please tell me all about it."

"That I should find much too hard," answered Frank. "But I'll try to tell you what little I know. You see the sun there, don't you—the great, shining sun? Do you think the sun moves?"

"Of course it moves," said Philip. "I always see it in the morning when I am in the garden. It first rises above the bushes, then over the trees and houses; by evening it has traveled across the sky, when it sinks below the houses and trees, out of sight on the other side of the town."

"Now, that is quite a mistake," said Frank. "You think that the sun is traveling all that way along the sky, whereas it is really we—we on this big ball of earth—who are moving. We are whirling around on the outer surface, rushing on at the rate—let me think—at the rate of more than one thousand miles a minute!"

“Frank, what do you mean?” cried Philip.

“I mean that the earth is moving many times faster than a ball moves when shot from the mouth of a cannon!”

“Do you expect me to believe that, Frank? I can hardly believe that this big, solid earth moves at all; but to think of it with all the cities, towns, and people whirling round and round faster than a ball from the mouth of a cannon, while we never feel that it stirs one inch, is much harder to believe than all that the fairies have ever told us.”

“Yes, but it is quite true for all that,” replied Frank. “Mamma told me about the earth and the sun. She never tells me anything that she does not know to be true.”

II.

“Mamma taught me much about the sun’s family, as she showed me the stars one night through a telescope. As I looked through this instrument, the stars appeared

to me much larger than ever before. She said that the earth is called a planet, and that there are besides our earth seven large planets and many small ones, which also whirl around the sun. Some of these planets are larger than our world. Some of them also move much faster."

"There is the sun in the middle with the planets moving around him. The one nearest to the sun is Mercury."

"It must be hot there!" cried Philip.

"I dare say that if we were in Mercury we should be scorched to ashes; but mamma thinks that if creatures live on that planet, God has given them a different nature from ours, so that they may enjoy what would be dreadful to us."

"This is all very wonderful," said Philip, as Frank stopped for a moment, trying to recall more that his mother had told him. Continuing, Frank said, "The next planet to Mercury is Venus. Venus is sometimes seen shining so bright after sunset; then she is called the evening

star. Some of the time, a little before sunrise, she may be seen in the east; she is then called the morning star.

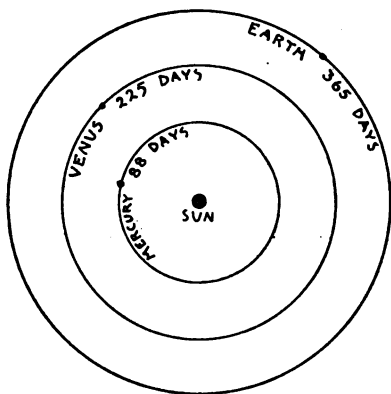
“But you must remember this: Venus can never be an evening star and a morning star at the same time of the year. If you are watching her this evening before or after sundown there is no use getting up early to-morrow to look for her again. For several weeks Venus remains an evening star, then gradually disappears. Two months later you may see her in the east — a bright morning star.

III.

“Our earth is the third planet, and Mars is the fourth from the sun. Now let us make a drawing which mamma taught me to make.

“First open the compasses one inch; describe a circle, and make a dot on it, naming it Mercury. Write on this circle eighty-eight days; this shows the time it takes Mercury to travel around the sun.

Make another circle three and one-half inches in diameter and make a dot on it. This represents Venus. It takes Venus two hundred twenty-five days to journey around the sun.



“The next circle we have to draw is a very interesting one to us. The compasses must be opened two and one-half inches. The path made represents the journey we take in three hundred sixty-five days.

“One more circle must be drawn to complete our little plan. This circle must be eight inches in diameter. You see Mars is much farther from the sun than our earth is. It takes him six hundred eighty-seven days to make the trip around the sun. The other planets are too far away to be put in this plan.”

“O, Frank, you have missed the biggest of all — the moon!” said Philip.

“O, no, no!” exclaimed Frank. “The moon is quite a little ball. It is less than seven thousand miles around her.”

“Is that a little ball, Frank?”

“Yes, compared with the sun and the planets. The moon is what mamma calls a satellite — that is, a servant or an attendant. She is a satellite of our earth. She keeps circling round and round our earth, while we go circling round and round the sun.”

“How fast the moon must travel. If I were to go rushing round a field, and a bird should keep flying around my head, you see that the movements of the bird would be much quicker than mine.”

“I can’t understand it, Frank,” said Philip. “The moon always looks so quiet in the sky. If she is darting about like lightning, why is it that she scarcely seems to move more than an inch in ten minutes?”

“I suppose,” said Frank, after a thought-

ful silence, "that what seems an inch in the sky to us is really many miles. You know how very fast the steam cars seem to go when one is quite near them, yet I have seen a train of cars far off which seemed to go so slowly that I could fancy it was painted on the sky."

"Yes, that must be the reason; but how do people find out these curious things about the sun and the stars—to know how large they are and how fast they go?" asked Philip.

"That is something we shall understand when we are older," said Frank. "We must gain a little knowledge every day."

IV.

"Is the earth the only planet that has a moon?" asked Philip.

"Mercury and Venus have no moons. Mars has two, and Jupiter has four, but we can see them only when we look through a telescope," replied Frank.

"Are all the twinkling stars which one

sees on a fine clear night, planets?" inquired Philip.

"None that twinkle are planets," said Frank. "Mamma says one can tell a planet from a fixed star, because a planet does not twinkle. A planet has no light of its own. A planet shines just as the moon shines, because the sun gives it light."

"But our earth does not shine!" said Philip.

"Indeed it does," explained Frank. "Our earth appears to Venus and Mars as a shining planet."

"There must be many more fixed stars than planets, then, for almost every star that I can see twinkles and sparkles like a diamond. Do these fixed stars all go around the sun?" asked Philip.

"O, Philip! haven't you noticed that they are called fixed stars to show that they do not move like planets? The word *planet* means *to wander*. These fixed stars are suns themselves, which may have planets

of their own. They are so very far away that we cannot know much about them, except that they shine of themselves just as our sun does.

“ We know that our sun gives light and heat to the planets and satellites with which he is surrounded. We know that without his warm rays there would not be any flowers or birds or any living thing on the earth. So we can easily imagine that all other suns are shining in the same way for the worlds that surround them.”

system	satellite	Venus	surface
traveled	scarcely	curious	diameter
journey	noticed	Mercury	diamond



THE EARTH.

The earth is round, and like a ball
Seems swinging in the air ;
The sky extends around it all,
And stars are shining there.

Water and land upon the face
Of this round world we see ;
The land is man's soft dwelling place,
But fish swim in the sea.

Two mighty continents there are,
And many islands, too ;
And mountains, hills, and valleys there,
With level plains we view.

earth	extends	swinging	continents
dwelling	mountains	level	mighty



26. IN ESKIMO LAND.

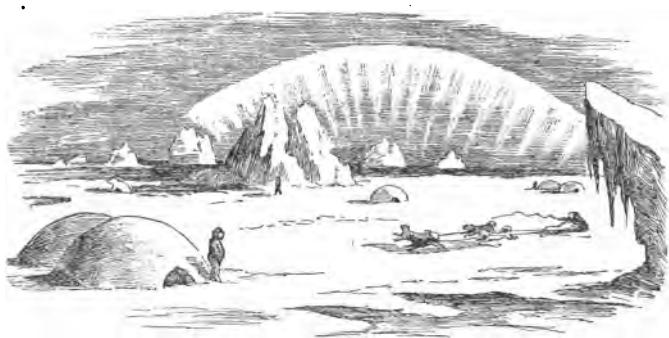
“The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow.”

That is what the rosy children of our land sing in winter when the first snow begins to fly and Jack Frost first draws pictures of the summer's green leaves in glistening white on the window panes.

But what do you think one would see if he were to go to the very home of the north wind — the far off Arctic land ?

Not many white people have been able to live in that cold country long enough to learn much about it. A few brave men, however, have lived among the people who are called Eskimos.

These brave men slept and ate in the odd houses of the Eskimos, dressed in



Eskimo clothing, played with the little Eskimo children, and went on long hunting trips with the men. Then, returning to their own land, these men have told us about the people of that cold country. I am sure you would like to know some of the interesting facts which they learned. .

First you should look on some map of the world to see where the Eskimos live.

You will find far north a line called the Arctic Circle. North of this line, on the seacoast and islands of North America, Europe, and Asia, is the home of the Eskimos.

Their country is so cold that even the hardiest trees cannot grow. Nothing grows there except mosses, a little grass, a few trailing vines, and some shrunken berries. These grow only during the short summer. There are no gardens or planted fields. The Eskimos never sow any seed, for the earth being frozen all the year, the seed would not grow.

There are very few land animals in this desolate country, since it is so hard to find food; but the water animals are very numerous and large. These are the polar bear, that lies on the ice and swims in the sea, the great whale, the walrus, and the seal.

At certain times of the year there are many fine birds and fishes. So the Eskimos depend more on the sea than on the land

for their food. For this reason they live near the seacoast.

Why is that part of the world where the Eskimos live so cold, do you think?

It is the very strange way in which the sun rises and sets.

With us the sun rises every day in the year. Sometimes he is hidden by clouds, but still we know his shining face is behind them only waiting to peep out. In the winter the days are shorter and the nights longer than in summer, but we don't mind it much. We finish our work earlier and have pleasant, cosy times reading stories by the fire in the evening.

What if the sun did not rise at all for a great many days or weeks, and then again didn't set for just as long a time?

Wouldn't that very much change our way of living? That is the way it is in Eskimo land.

The sun during one-half of the year either doesn't set at all or just sinks for a short time out of sight. During that part of the

year, the sun may be seen, a little pale, but always welcome, circling all around the sky.

You wonder when the Eskimos sleep. It isn't always in the night as with us. They sleep after so many hours of work or play. Perhaps they are not very sure when bed-time does come.

During the other half of the year, the sun either does not come in sight at all or comes to stay but a very short time.

Would you like to live in a country in which the days and nights are each six months long?

glistening	Eskimo	Arctic	interesting
Asia	hardiest	shrunk	trailing
desolate	polar	walrus	circling
stories	berries	island	welcome



CHARITY.

Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny—
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon,
And some toys—they were not new;
Yet they made the sick child happy,
Which made me happy too.

Only some outgrown garments—
They were all that I could spare;
But they helped to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

A word now and then of comfort,
That costs one nothing to say;
But the poor old man died happy,
And it helped him on his way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gifts be poor and small;
But what can he think of his children
Who never give at all?

bucket
comfort

ribbon
dollars

garments
loveth

cheerful
clothe

27. A LITTLE DROP'S JOURNEY.

Let us follow a drop of water in its course from hilltop to ocean.

Our drop falls from a cloud in a passing May shower.

As soon as the drop recovers from the shock caused by falling on a large rock,



it looks around to see what kind of country it has been so suddenly thrown into.

It finds itself at the top of a lofty mountain.

It sees a few tall, sturdy pines swaying to and fro.

It sees an eagle sailing proudly by with its sharp eye on the ground, looking for a mountain rat for its dinner.

Our drop being joined by others from the clouds soon rolls off the rock and starts on its journey.

Off they go, down the rough rocks in tiny streams, singing a merry tune.

The clouds have passed; and now the sun is shining bright.

The little drops sparkle in the sunshine.

Water drops being sociable fellows do not like to be alone, so they join other drops; soon a mountain brook is formed.

Some drops do not forget the birds and flowers, in their haste to join their brothers, for a graceful bird comes to the brook side and wets its musical throat. The roots of the plants drink many drops, while the flowers nod their heads in thanks.



Down, down they go; rolling over stones, and then falling over a high rock as a pretty waterfall.

Here they rest for a moment under some overhanging flower.

As they near the foot of the mountain, many more brooklets join them, and soon our drop is sailing proudly in a large stream.

Through the woods they go, sparkling



once in a while as a stray beam of sunlight finds its way through the branches overhead. Once more they are in an

open space. There they go, through a field of new-mown hay, under a bridge on which a boy is lazily sitting, cooling his sunburned feet in the refreshing water.

The banks of our little stream get farther and farther apart, and the drops seem to strive with one another to be the first to reach the river in the valley below.

Over and over each other they go, some breaking up against the bank where they are captured by thirsty flowers.

At last they are in the river. How proud they feel!

They are now of more use to man.

They bear up his boats, and they turn his mill wheels.

While some of these drops are hurled about by the huge wheel, others falling over the dam are dashed into spray on the rocks below.

Joining again, they pass on down stream, sweeping past quiet villages or noisy cities.

Larger boats float on the river, whose banks are now nearly a half mile apart.

As if knowing whither they are going, the drops become greatly

agitated and rise in small waves, all striving to get a first peep at the mighty ocean, whose roar is already heard.

At last the fresh water drops mingle with their salty brothers of the sea.

No more peaceful, restful moments now. Every one is wild with excitement, and



every one is making as much noise as is possible for a drop of water.

Our drop soon forms the acquaintance of Mr. Sea Gull, who makes so low a bow that he gently touches the water with his long wings.

One very warm day, as our drop was playing with his new-found friends, one of



the rays of the sun caught it up and carried it as mist to the clouds above.

When you see a stream of water, stop to think for a moment whence the drops came and whither they are going.

Did not our drop have a pleasant journey?

I think it did. We can learn much from the little drop's journey. We can do as it did. Advance a little day by day, always aiming at something better and greater, and allowing no obstacles to prevent the proper fulfilment of our plans and intentions.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
 Streamlets swell the river's flow,
 Rivers join the ocean billows,
 Onward, onward as they go ;
 Life is made of smallest fragments,
 Shade and sunshine, work and play ;
 So may we, if we are earnest,
 Learn a little every day.

lofty	sailing	mountain	commenced
sparkles	sociable	graceful	musical
villages	agitated	striving	mingle
acquaintance	introduced	pleasant	brooklets
lazily	refreshing	nourish	farther
strive	fragments	streamlets	rills

THE VICAR'S SERMON.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
 Do it, boys, with all your might :
 Never be a little true,
 Or a little in the right.
 Trifles even
 Lead to heaven ;

Trifles make the life of man :
 So in all things
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim,
 Spotless truth and honor bright ;
I'd not give a fig for him
 Who says that any lie is white !
 He who falters,
 Twists or alters
Little atoms when we speak,
 May deceive me ;
 But believe me,
To himself he is a sneak.

Own a fault if you are wrong ;
If you're angry, hold your tongue.
 In each duty
 There's a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
 Just as surely
 And securely
As a kernel in a nut.

Love with all your heart and soul,
Love with eye and ear and touch.
That's the moral of the whole :
You can never love too much !
'Tis the glory
Of the story
In our babyhood begun :
Hearts without it
(Never doubt it)
Are as worlds without the sun.

If you think a word will please,
Say it, if it is but true :
Words may give delight with ease
When no act is asked of you.
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy and heal a pain ;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain.

— CHARLES MACKAY.

trifle	heaven	thorough	surface
honor	falters	alters	twists

28. ESKIMO CHILDREN.

It will interest you to read of the little babies of Eskimo land, who must be very cold all the time.



These babies are model children, for they seldom cry, and do not know what it is to be cross. But sometimes they are disobedient. At these times the parent either thrusts the little one, who wears no clothes

until he is three years old, out into the snow, where he is left until he stops crying; or he is held in ice-water until he decides that it is better to behave himself.

Many young children are killed by this

severe treatment. Those who live through it, however, are of course very hardy. This treatment prepares them for the cold which they have to fight all their lives.

In Eskimo land the shape of baby's head is changed by being bound in a cap of fur. This cap is kept on until the child's head is made very long and very narrow. The Eskimos think a head of this shape looks pretty.

The Eskimo baby is seldom if ever washed; its hair is never combed.

In the winter these young folks live in houses built of blocks of snow. There are no windows in these queer houses. The doors are simply narrow passage ways, just large enough for one to squeeze through.

In the summer the Eskimos build houses of blankets, that are larger and more comfortable than those occupied in winter.

Babies stay in the house for three years, seldom going out.

Here they have their playthings.

The girls have dolls, made of wood and

ivory, with beads for eyes, noses, and mouths.

The doll is dressed just like its owner, who wears a pair of loose trousers, a loose fitting frock, a loose fitting hood, and a very loose fitting pair of boots, all of which are made of fur. The boots serve as pockets for the Eskimo girl.



When very young the boys play at hunting ivory seals, walruses, and bears.

They also play with puppies, harnessing them to small sledges and driving them round and round the hut.

The boys, when a little older, make sledges, with which they coast down hill, having great fun. They become skilled with the bow and arrow, and with the spear or harpoon, all of which they make themselves. This skill prepares them for their work when they become men.

Young girls are taught at an early age to sew, to take care of the lamp, to make beds, and to dress the skins which the fathers and brothers bring home with them.

They are also taught to cook. This is a very easy thing to learn, in Eskimo land, for these poor people have very little to eat, indeed.

The Eskimo children are very expert in making the "Cat's Cradle" with a piece of string. They can make ships, houses, and animals of many kinds with a bit of cord. That is more than you can do, isn't it?

As soon as a youth has killed a bear with his harpoon, he is called a man. This event is the occasion for great feasting and rejoicing on the part of the youth's family and friends.

The Eskimos have no fires in their houses. The only heat they have for warming their half frozen bodies, and for cooking, is from the lamps, one of which is placed in the centre of each house.

In Eskimo land, about the only amuse-

ment for the grown people is making faces at each other.

During the long winter evenings these queer people will sit for hours at a time, doing nothing but making the most horrible faces at each other. Isn't that a very funny custom?

You remember we said that the Eskimo baby is seldom if ever washed. The same is true of old and young. They never wash their hands or faces, because if they should, the very cold air would make the skin crack and bleed. Instead of washing, they grease their faces and hands with the oil which they get from the seal and walrus.

Although these people have a very hard life, yet they love the country of their birth, and love the customs their forefathers have handed down to them.

decides	enough	occasion	treatment
combed	severe	disobedient	occupied
ivory	passage	horrible	sledges
rejoicing	walruses	skilled	forefathers
customs	amusement	thrusts	piece

29. WISHES WITHOUT HEART.

"I wish you a happy New Year, mamma!" cried Belle, as she bounded down stairs on New Year's morning. "A Happy New Year to you, grandma! Lots of Happy New Years to you, baby!" she added, kissing the baby's soft cheek.

"Does my little girl know how to help make the New Year a happy one to us all?" asked her mother.

"Oh, yes!" snapped Belle, pettishly, "by being a good girl, of course. That's what you always say." I don't know what more she might have said, but just then, hearing her father and brother coming in, she ran to meet them that she might be the first to give them the greetings of the season. "A Happy New Year to you, papa! A Happy New Year to you, brother Will!"

"I'm going out to slide till school time," she said, after breakfast.

"I wish you'd sew these buttons on my

gloves," said her father. "I want them to wear this morning, and your mother is dressing the baby."

"Oh, dear!" pouted Belle, throwing down her hood, and going in search of needle and thread, "that's always the way. I never can have any fun as other girls do."

"Won't you wear your cloak to school instead of your shawl?" grandma asked Belle, not long after. "I like the shawl so much to put over my shoulders these cold days."

"Well, yes, I suppose I can," was the ungracious reply. "The cloak is so old and faded that it looks like a fright, but the shawl is new and pretty."

And Belle put on her cloak with so much force that she tore off two buttons and burst out a buttonhole.

Noon time came. "I'm as hungry as a bear!" said Belle, coming in from school.

"Please hurry off your things, and set the table," said her mother. "Dinner is a

little behindhand. I've had so much to do, and baby has fretted a good deal."

"I think it's too hard to have to study all school time and work the rest of the time," said Belle. "I wish you'd keep a servant to do the housework; I don't like it."

Baby was fretful after school that night. "She is cutting a tooth," said mamma, "and feels sick. Can't you play with her a little while, Belle, to amuse her, and help her forget her little aches and pains?"

"I don't think there's any fun playing with babies," Belle said, crossly. "They don't know anything. Come along, then, if you must, you little bother." Belle took her so roughly, and spoke so harshly, that baby just made up a lip and cried aloud.

"Will you have a game of checkers with me, Belle?" said Will, after tea.

"Oh, checkers! You always want to play checkers, and you know I hate them. I'll play Mother Goose with you."

"That's too simple a game," said Will.
"Come, be a good girl, now."

"I'd rather read," was the selfish reply.

Thus, in less than twelve hours from the time Belle had wished each of the family a Happy New Year, she had grieved every one of them by her selfishness. How much heart was there in her good wishes, do you think?

greetings	pouted	ungracious	faded
checkers	servant	buttonhole	fright
selfish	amuse	behindhand	bother
shoulders	grandma	always	fretful
dressing	throwing	needle	school
fretted	hurry	housework	buttons
cutting	family	aches	crossly
grieved	wished	anything	roughly



NEW YEAR GREETING.

A blue jay hopped beside me
And chirruped sweet and clear:
"A merry, merry greeting
To you this bright New Year."

WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I love you, mother," said little John.
Then forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said little Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted half the day,
Till mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan.
"To-day I'll help you all I can."
To the cradle then she did softly creep,
And rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she took the broom,
And swept the floor and dusted the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children, going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

30. CRUELTY.

Does not the following story prove that kindness is better and sweeter than cruelty?

Two small boys, on their way to school one morning, saw a little robin which had fallen from its nest.

It was lying on a rock just under the tree, on the lower branch of which its mother was calling loud.

The little one responded feebly to its mother's cry of distress.

The two boys thought it would be fun to throw stones at the poor birdie.

"Let us see who can hit it first?" said one.

"All right!" said the other; "here are some stones just the size for throwing."

Each had thrown several stones without effect, when Mary, the minister's daughter, appeared, on her way to school. This little maid was about ten years old. She was much liked by all the children at the school, so every one tried to please her.

As soon as the little girl saw what the boys were doing, she ran to the rock and caught the little bird, holding it safe from the stones which the thoughtless boys were still throwing, although she herself was in danger of being hit.

"Why do you do that, Mary? The bird will die anyway."

"Not if we put it back into the nest," replied Mary.

"Yes; but we are not going to put it back," said one of the boys.

"Then I will climb the tree myself," said the plucky little lass, throwing off her bonnet.

"No, no," cried the boys with one voice, now thoroughly ashamed of their actions. "We will put it back."

Birdie was soon safe in its nest, where the mother who had watched the proceedings with wild cries of fear and dismay, was now joyfully singing a bird lullaby to her restored baby.

"See the mother, how pleased she is!"

said Mary, as Jim climbed down from the tree.

"Yes; and now we shall have one more bird to sing for us when school closes," cried John.

"I am so glad you came, Mary, for we might have killed the poor thing. Now we have made the mother bird happy by saving the little one's life."

"Oh, my! the bell is ringing for school; let us hurry, or we shall be late. We will tell the teacher all about the baby robin and its mother."

The teacher being much pleased with Mary's account of the rescue, told the other pupils of the kind actions of Mary and the boys. The kind-hearted little girl had not told the teacher what the boys were doing when she first saw them.

You see these boys were not cruel at heart. They were simply thoughtless.

Animals, though dumb, have feelings; so when playing with your pets, or when walking through the woods, be thought-

ful, and treat the pretty creatures with kindness.

By doing so, I am sure you will be much happier.

teacher	cruelty	hurry	responded
distress	rescue	effect	minister
account	appeared	thoughtless	plucky
thoroughly	proceedings	ashamed	lullaby
restored	account	thoughtful	happier

GEORGE'S CLOTHES.

“Come here to mamma, and I’ll tell you,
dear boy,

For I think you never have guessed,
How many poor animals we must employ
Before little George can be dressed.

“The pretty sheep gives the wool from his
sides

To make you a jacket to use ;
The calf or the goat must be stripped of
its hide

To give you these nice little shoes.

“And then the shy beaver contributes his
share,

With the rabbit to give you a hat,
For this must be made of their delicate
hair;

And so you must thank them for that.

“All these I have mentioned, and many
more, too,

Each willingly gives us a share;
One sends us a hat, another a shoe,
That we may have plenty to wear.

“Then, as the poor creatures thus suffer to
give

So much for the comfort of man,
I think 'tis but right, as long as they
live,

We should treat them as well as we
can.”

guessed	employ	shoe	stripped
dressed	contributes	suffer	another
mentioned	willingly	wear	bearer
comfort	plenty	should	share

31. MOUNT SAINT BERNARD.

Switzerland is a country in Europe. It is a very small country, no larger than some of our states. Yet the inhabitants are their own masters, and are free.

Switzerland is sometimes called the playground of Europe, because its many lakes and mountains make it a cool and delightful spot for rest and pleasure.

The weather is so cold in some portions of this country that the mountains are always covered with snow and ice.

Several valleys of Switzerland are filled with solid ice, snow, dirt, and rocks, which are moving slowly toward the ocean.

These masses of snow and ice are called glaciers. They move about five hundred feet a year.

One of the principal mountains of this beautiful country is called Mount Saint Bernard.

On the top of Saint Bernard a family of monks have built a large stone house, with

walls many feet thick, having in them enormous fireplaces.

Here the monks live, with no companions except their faithful dogs. Of these I will now tell you.

These dogs are of a celebrated breed, known the world over, and loved and caressed by old folks as well as children, because of their great strength, unusual beauty, and wonderful good sense.

They are called Saint Bernard, taking the name from the mountain on which they live.

These dogs are trained by their masters to go out into the snow to look for travelers who have lost their way, and who may be dying from exhaustion. These beautiful animals have a very acute sense of smell, and have an unusual amount of endurance.

Often the lost traveler is covered with snow, but the faithful dogs soon liberate him with their paws.

Then, by loud barking, they let their masters, the monks, know that somebody

has been found. While the kind-hearted monks are coming to the rescue, these noble dogs, almost human, keep the sufferer warm by licking his hands and face with their warm tongues.

The kind and noble men carry the wearied wanderers to their home, feed and



warm them, and when they are fully recovered, guide them safe to the nearest town.

The monks always refuse pay for their labor of love. They even give money to those whom they find to be needy.

These monks and their faithful dogs have saved many persons from the snows and bitter cold of Mount Saint Bernard.

My name is Barry, of the Saint Bernard.
When the snows drift deep and the wind
 blows hard,
You may hear my bark, and see me flying
To guide the lost, and rescue the dying.
Although I wear no collar of gold,
All over the world my praise is told.

Switzerland	inhabitants	Europe	delightful
masses	enormous	glaciers	endurance
companions	exhaustion	celebrated	principal
liberate	tongues	refresh	caressed



32. THE WORST OF IT.

1. "Do you want to buy any berries to-day?" said a poor boy to me one afternoon. I looked at the little fellow, and saw that he was very shabbily clothed; gray pantaloons, very much patched, an old cotton shirt, and a miserable felt hat, made up the whole of his dress.

2. His feet were bare and travel-stained. In both hands he held up a tin pail full of

ripe, dewy raspberries, which were pretty, peeping out from amid the bright green leaves that lay lightly over them.

3. I told him I would like some; so taking the pail from him, I stepped into the house. He did not follow, but remained behind whistling to my canaries as they hung in their cage in the porch. He was so engrossed with my pretty pets, that the berries seemed forgotten.

4. "Why did you not come in and see if I measured your berries right?" said I. "How do you know that I would not cheat you, and take more than the three quarts I had agreed to take?" The boy looked up archly at me and smiled.

5. "I am not afraid," said he, "for you would get the worst of it, ma'am."

"Get the worst of it?" I said. "What do you mean?"

6. "Why, ma'am, I should only lose my berries, and you would be stealing; don't you think you would get the worst of it?"

afternoon	travel-stained	canaries	measured
shabbily	raspberries	porch	quarts
clothed	remained	engrossed	archly
miserable	whistling	forgotten	stealing

33. THE MOON.

The beautiful silvery moon, which is so lovely that she is called the queen of the sky, has no light of her own.

She would hang in the heavens like a large, dark ball, if it were not for the generous sun that sends some of his rays to brighten her, so that she may give light to a part of the globe, while he shines on the other part.

The sun and stars always appear the same, no matter when we look at them, but the moon is constantly changing her shape.

Sometimes she looks like a full crescent, whereas at other times she looks like a narrow bow of light, or like a large, round ball.

These changes in the moon's appearance are caused by her revolutions around the earth. She makes one such revolution in a little less than twenty-eight days.

Here are the pictures of the new moon, the full moon, and the old moon, which we sometimes see during the day.



When the moon is exactly between the earth and the sun, she gives no light to the earth.

Like the sun, she shines on but one-half of the globe at a time. Sometimes when he sets on one side of the globe, she rises on the other, giving light to the earth.

Long, long ago, when people did not know as much about the moon as is now known, many curious stories were told about the spots or places which make what we commonly call the "Man in the Moon."

The Germans believed him to be a man who spent Sunday in gathering sticks, a load of which he was made to carry on his back as a punishment; he was given the choice of being scorched in the sun or frozen in the moon.

He chose the latter fate, and is still supposed to be shivering away, up in the moon.

The people who live in the far-away Island of Samoa, call these places the "Woman in the Moon."

Their story is that during a severe famine, a woman who was hammering on a piece of wood, saw the moon rising. To her it looked like a large breadfruit, which she prayed might drop out of the sky for her starving children to eat.

But the moon was so indignant, that she drew the woman, hammer, and child up into the sky to live with her, where they are to-day.

Some tribes of Indians have a strange story about the changing size and shape of the moon.

When the moon is round and full, the evil spirits are supposed to begin nibbling at it, eating a portion every night, until all is gone. Then the Great Spirit makes a new moon, but when weary with toil, he falls asleep, the evil spirits renew their attack, and eat it all away.

Of course these are all foolish stories of ignorant people.

Although we do not yet know whether the dark patches on the moon are high mountains, or deep valleys which the light of the sun cannot reach, we should be glad that we live at a time when people are wiser and better, and when unreasonable stories are no longer told to explain what is not understood.

silvery	renew	crescent	ignorant
appearance	tribes	punishment	chose
generous	spirits	constantly	Indians
unreasonable	Samoa	fate	patches
understood	Germans	revolutions	nibbling
brighten	woman	queen	size
shivering	prayed	indignant	exactly

THE NEW MOON.



Dear mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night !
She was never so cunning before ;
Her two little horns
Are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see ;
I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends ;
Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be !

I would call on the stars
To keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And then I would rock
Till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would
roam ;
We would see the sun set
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

— MRS. FOLLEN.

cunning	nicely	bright	beautiful
roam	dawn	skies	rainbow



THE FULL MOON.

Oh, look at the moon!
She is shining up there;
Oh, mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air!

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow;
But now she's grown bigger
And round as an O.

shining

smaller

shaped

larger



34. HOW WE LEARN.

PART I.

“A penny for your thoughts, dear,” said Aunt Louise to her little niece, who sat by the window with a book in her lap and a far-away look in her eyes.

Mabel turned a bright face to her kind-hearted auntie who was always so ready to help her, and said, “I have been reading a story of a beautiful garden, in which grew not only the most delicious fruits ever known, but, more wonderful still, a tree bearing golden apples. Is there really such a garden, Aunt Louise? Did you ever see one of the golden apples?”

After explaining that there never was

such a garden, and that the story was only a belief of some people who lived long ago, Aunt Louise laughingly said, "But suppose you go into the pantry to see if you can find anything which looks like a golden apple."

"I have it!" said Mabel, as she held up a large juicy orange, whose rind was as yellow as gold.

"Perhaps the golden apple of which the Greeks told such wonderful stories were only oranges from far-off Arabia," said Aunt Louise.

"Now let us see what we can learn about the orange for ourselves. We can see it, we can feel it, taste it, and smell it."

"I see that it is round and pretty," said Mabel.

"I feel its rind, which is rough," said Aunt Louise.

"It smells so sweet, I am sure we shall enjoy eating it," said Mabel, as she carefully peeled and divided the fruit. "How sweet it tastes; I am so fond of oranges."

“We have learned all we can about the orange by the use of our eyes, fingers, noses, and tongues,” said Aunt Louise. “If you will bring me that red book from the table, I will read you something more about this fruit, so that you may learn more about it. You may learn by hearing, as well as by seeing, smelling, and feeling.”

“Oranges grow in all warm countries, especially those of Southern Europe. Most of our oranges, however, come from California and Florida, where men called orange-planters have whole farms devoted to the raising of this fruit. The trees are so low that one can easily pick the oranges by simply reaching up the hand.

“An orange grove, with its fragrant white flowers and golden fruit gleaming among the dark glossy leaves, is a beautiful sight.

“The fruit is picked when green, wrapped in tissue paper, packed in boxes, and sent to northern cities, ripening on the way.

“ ‘The orange tree is very useful. From its fine grained yellow wood, fancy boxes, baskets, and walking sticks are made; its bitter leaves are used for medicine, while from its fragrant flowers a delicate perfume is made.’ ”

“ Well,” said Mabel, “this is the most delicious orange I have ever eaten. I never thought the orange so interesting before.”

“More interesting than the fruit itself, dear, is the way in which you have learned about it. It is by using your five senses — seeing, touching, tasting, smelling, and hearing, or by reading what others have discovered in one of these ways — that you will learn all you will ever know,” said Aunt Louise.

niece	bright	delicious	bearing
explaining	laughingly	pantry	juicy
ring	orange	Greeks	Arabia
divided	peeled	something	especially
California	Florida	raising	simply
northern	grained	baskets	delicate
interesting	senses	discovered	Louise

35. HOW WE LEARN.

PART II.

While most girls and boys gain their knowledge of things through their five senses, just as Mabel learned about her orange, there are some less fortunate children, as the blind or the deaf and dumb, who have but three or four senses with which to gather food for the mind.

A story is told of the wonderful way in which a little girl learned many things through the one sense of touch.

In a home among the New Hampshire hills lived a bright, sprightly little girl, whose name was Laura Bridgman. Her life was full of sunshine and happiness until she was nearly three or four years old, when she became so ill that she lost her power to hear, taste, see, or smell. Although she regained her health, she never recovered her lost senses. She could thereafter communicate with her parents, friends, and the world which had been so beautiful to her, only through her sense of touch.

But in spite of her misfortunes Laura kept her bright and cheerful disposition, which was a great treasure.

Not liking to be idle, she often longed to help her mother, whom she would follow from room to room, passing her fingers over her mother's hands, that she might learn to work too.

She could not be an unhappy child, for her sad misfortune and her cheery disposition won her a warm place in many hearts.

Among her kindest friends was Dr. Howe, who had charge of a house for the blind in Boston. Believing he could teach Laura, although there was but one way to her mind, he persuaded Mrs. Bridgman to allow her to go to Boston with him when she was eight years old.

As soon as she began to feel at home, lessons commenced. Her teacher would give her a few objects, — a doll, a fork, and a book, — each of which was labeled in letters raised, so that she might feel the forms of the letters at the same time that she felt the form of the object they named

In some peculiar way messages flew quickly from her busy little fingers to her brain, so that she was soon able to separate the objects and labels, mix them, and put them together again, just as you do in playing anagrams or Word Making and Taking.

In this way Laura learned to read and spell, though the process was slow and tedious.

That she might communicate her thoughts more quickly, the doctor taught her to make the deaf and dumb alphabet, which you have perhaps seen people use. Laura was very happy when she learned to talk in this way, and often found much pleasure in passing her fingers over the hands of those who talked with her.

As she grew older she learned to knit, to write, and to do many other things, but of these you must read some other time.

knowledge	sprightly	disposition	separate
New Hampshire	misfortunes	persuaded	labelled
communicate	anagrams	recovered	peculiar
commenced	fortunate	believing	process

36. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

You have read in a previous lesson about Washington, who was called the "Father of his Country" because he did so much to make us a free people.

You will be glad to learn now about another great man, who lived when Washington did, and who also helped to make our country what it is.

Benjamin Franklin was the son of a candle maker in Boston, in the days when there was only a little village where that great city is now. This is a picture of the house in which he was born.



This house is not standing now. After it was torn down, a business block was built on the ground where it stood. This block is named for Franklin.

When Franklin was a little boy, he used

to help his father by working in the shop, and by carrying the candles home to customers. But he grew tired of this occupation after a while, and went to work in a printing office.

He wanted to be a printer because he loved books dearly. He would often bring books home with him at night, and would read in them sometimes until almost morning.

There were not so many books in those days as there are now. It was not so easy for him to get them as it is for you, but all the spare money he had was spent for a book or a paper that he wanted to read. Pilgrim's Progress and Robinson Crusoe pleased him when he was a mere boy, no older than you are.

The first printer for whom he worked was his older brother, who was not always kind to him. When he could stand ill treatment no longer, he ran away from home and went to Philadelphia, where he found work in a printing office.

Franklin gained many friends in his new home. He was always honest and industrious, never spending his money for strong drink, or in any other foolish or wicked way.

He was very careful not to say unkind things about any one. People respected and trusted him, and gave him many positions of honor.

Franklin was a wise man. For some time he made an almanac every year, in which were printed some of



his wise sayings. This is one of them:—

“Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.”

When the people of our country decided that they would not be governed by England any longer, they drew up a Declaration of Independence,—that is, a paper saying that they were resolved to be free

and to govern themselves. Franklin was one of the great men of the nation who were appointed to draw up this paper.

Before this, he had been sent by our country to England, with a message to the king. Afterwards, he went to France to take messages to that country.

Not only did Franklin assist much in gaining freedom and prosperity for our country, but he also did great good by his scientific discoveries. He found out many wonderful things which men had never known before.

Among other things, he discovered the nature of lightning. and invented the lightning rod, so that now we can rest secure in our houses during a thunder-storm.

The ruling motive of Franklin's life was his desire to be useful. True to this purpose, he became a great and good man.

previous	business	Boston	Philadelphia
occupation	almanac	healthy	industrious
scientific	prosperity	message	discoveries

THERE'S MUSIC IN A MOTHER'S VOICE.

There's music in a mother's voice,
More sweet than breezes sighing;
There's kindness in a mother's glance,
Too pure for ever dying.

There's love within a mother's breast,
So deep, 'tis still o'erflowing;
And for her own a tender care
That's ever, ever growing.

And when a mother kneels to heaven,
And for her child is praying,
Oh, who shall tell of half the love
That burns in all she's saying!

A mother, when she, like a star,
Sets into heaven before us,
From that bright home of love, all pure,
Still minds and watches o'er us.

— WILLIAM BENNETT.

37. THE BUTCHER BIRD.

All birds are hunters. Nearly all birds are builders, for they build their own homes. Some have other callings also.

We have fishermen, masons, thieves, murderers, mail carriers, messenger boys, tailor birds, drummers (the partridges), the scavengers, and the butcher birds.

Did you ever see a butcher bird? Here he is. See his long white apron!



This bird, which is called a shrike, — butcher bird being only a nick-

name, — is nothing more than a feathered assassin.

He is always alone, prowling through the woods, flying from tree to tree, falling upon and killing any small birds he may happen to see.

He then takes his prey to a neighboring thorn tree, if one is near. He fastens the

bird to a thorn. If no such tree is convenient, the butcher fastens the little bird to a protruding nail in a fence near by.

The shrike eats only the brains of a bird, leaving the rest of the bird suspended on the thorn or nail.

Sometimes the shrike catches mice.

Although the butcher bird usually stays in the woods, sometimes he goes to town to wage war on the little English sparrows.

The butcher bird is a sly fellow, very rapid in his flight, especially when chasing his prey. His blow is quick and sure.

carpenters	masons	partridge	apron
scavenger	musicians	shrike	assassin
prowling	prey	protruding	neighboring
suspended	thorns	butcher	sly
flight	rapid	convenient	fasten

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path ;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.

38. ONE SMALL MAN'S PLAN.

The "blue-line" street car stopped at the corner, when a rather anxious-looking young woman put a small boy inside.

"Now, Rob," she said, as she hurried out to the platform again, "don't lose that note I gave you; don't take it out of your pocket at all."

"No'm," said the little man, looking wistfully after his mother as the conductor pulled the strap, the driver unscrewed his brake, and the horses, shaking their bells, trotted off with the car.

"What's your name, Bub?" asked a mischievous-looking young man sitting beside him.

"Robert Cullen Deems," he answered, politely.

"Where are you going?"

"To my grandma's."

"Let me see that note in your pocket."

The look of innocent surprise in the round face ought to have shamed the

baby's tormentor, but he only said again, "Let me see it."

"I tan't," said Robert Cullen Deems.

"See here, if you don't, I'll scare the horses and make them run away." The little boy cast an apprehensive look at the belled horses, but shook his head.

"Here, Bub, I'll give you this peach if you'll pull that note half-way out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, but some of the older people looked angry.

"I'll give you this whole bag of peaches if you will just show me the corner of your note," said the tempter. The child turned away, as if he did not wish to hear any more, but the young man opened the bag, and held it out just where he could see and smell the luscious fruit.

A look of distress came into the sweet little face; I believe Rob was afraid to trust himself, so when a man left his seat on the other side, to get off the car, the little boy slipped quickly down, left the

temptation behind, and climbed into the vacant place.

A pair of prettily gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap, and then everybody clapped and applauded until it might have alarmed Rob, if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him, and said with a sweet glow on her face :

“Tell your mamma that we all congratulate her upon having a little man strong enough to resist temptation, and wise enough to run away from it. Will you tell this to your mamma?”

The boy made no reply. I doubt that the long, hard message ever reached Rob's mother; but no matter, the note got to his grandmother without ever coming out of his pocket.

anxious	platform	wistfully	conductor
mischievous	politely	innocent	tormentor
temptation	scare	tempter	luscious
climbed	vacant	unconsciously	doubt
applauded	slipped	congratulate	message

39. DAY AND NIGHT.

The ancient Greeks believed the first rosy streaks of light which spread over the sky in the early morning to be the bright fingers of the Goddess Aurora, with which the dark veil of night was drawn back. The veil was drawn back that the sun might drive across the sky in his chariot drawn by beautiful steeds.

The sun was supposed to have two beautiful palaces; one in the east, from which he arose in the morning, and one in the west, toward which he traveled all day. When he reached the end of his journey, and entered this beautiful western palace, darkness settled down over the earth. This was the way in which the Greeks accounted for day and night.

We know that the sun always shines in the same place, while the earth on which we live and many other planets revolve around him.

If the earth were stationary like the sun,

only one side of it would ever have light, while the other would always be in darkness. If this were true, I think we should not find it so pleasant to live on the earth as we do now..

Suspend an orange by a string and hold it still before a lighted candle. Don't you see the light falls on but one side of the orange?

Now turn the orange around slowly; you see every part of it becomes lighted in its turn.

The earth spins around on its axis every twenty-four hours, so that every part of it is at some time or other lighted by the sun. When the light falls upon one side of the globe, it is day there, while it is night on the opposite side which is turned away from the sun.

picture	centuries	Aurora	rosy
veil	palaces	journey	western
accounted	settled	revolve	stationary
darkness	suspend	lighted	orange
candle	axis	globe	opposite

BOYHOOD DAYS.

Oh, were you ne'er a schoolboy,
And did you never train,
And feel that swelling of the heart
You ne'er can feel again?

Did you never meet, far down the street,
With plumes and banners gay,
While a kettle for the kettledrum
Bade you march, march away?

It seems to me but yesterday,
Nor scarce so long ago,
Since all the boys their muskets took
To charge the fearful foe.

Our muskets were of cedar wood,
With ramrods bright and new;
With bayonets forever set,
And painted barrels, too.

We charged upon a flock of geese
And put them all to flight,
Except one sturdy gander
That thought he'd show us fight.

But, ah ! we knew a thing or two ;
Our captain wheeled the van :
We routed him, we scouted him,
Nor lost a single man !

Our captain was as brave a lad
As e'er commission bore,
And brightly shone his new tin sword ;
A paper cap he wore.

He led us up a steep hillside,
Against the western wind, [head
While the cockerel plume that decked his
Streamed bravely out behind.

We shouldered arms, we carried arms,
We charged with bayonet ;
And woe unto the mullen stalk
That in our course we met !

At two o'clock the roll we called,
And till the close of day,
With fearless hearts, though tired limbs,
We fought the mimic fray,
Till the supper bell, from out the dell,
Bade us march, march away.

swelling	plumes	kettle	banners
yesterday	muskets	painted	ramrods
cedar	barrels	sturdy	geese
gander	captain	routed	commission
scouted	cockerel	decked	streamed
shouldered	bayonet	mimic	mullen

40. WHAT ROB PAID FOR A JOKE.

“Silver dollars! Great big, round, hard, heavy, solid, shiny, silver dollars!! Hurrah for Uncle George! Hope he’ll come again soon!”

“For shame, Rob! To want him to come again only because he gives us money!” said little Bessie, shaking her head in rebuke.

“Oh, you know I don’t mean that,” said Rob; “but it’s so jolly to have a dollar all to one’s self! What are you going to do with yours, Bess?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Keep it till I want something more than anything else. What are you?”

"Dear me! I want lots of things now. I want a printing press and a magic lantern and a—oh! oh!"—he looked up into the tree under which they were standing,—
"I wish dollars grew on trees like those cherries!"

"How do they grow?" asked Bessie.
"Did you ever see any growing?"

"Why, no," said Rob; "but you see, I never planted any." Rob was very fond of a joke, and thought this a good chance to make his sister believe a ridiculous story.

"How do you suppose they look, Rob?" she half whispered.

"Why, I believe they would be on a bush, and after the blossoms were gone, we might see cunning little five-cents all over it." Bessie laughed and clapped her hands. "And then I suppose they'd grow into ten-cents."

"Yes! yes!" cried Bessie, in great glee.
"And what next?"

"Then they'd grow into quarters, of course, and then into half-dollars."

“And then?” — Bessie’s eyes grew big as she waited to hear more.

“Dollars! Hundreds of them when they got ripe,” said Rob, shaking his head solemnly. “And, Bessie, I’ve been wondering — you know things turn yellow when the frost comes — what if the frost should turn the silver yellow? Then it would be gold, worth — I don’t know how much!”

Bessie was excited.

“Do, brother,” she said, “let us plant our money right away! Just think how much we’d have!”

But Rob tossed his dollar up and down, and said no; he wanted to spend his, and couldn’t wait so long. Bessie did not exactly like the idea of hiding her pretty, bright dollar in the earth, either; so, after showing them to every one they met, they were hidden carefully away in the corner of a drawer.

But, during the long, light, after-tea hours, when Rob was gone out to play ball, Bessie’s mind was full of the won-

derful picture of the dollar bush. She could not cease thinking what a delight it would be to go out and pick a dollar whenever she wanted one! The more she thought of it, the more she became resolved to plant her precious piece of money.

As twilight gathered in, she stole quietly to the drawer and got it.

"I'll plant Rob's, too," she said. "If he wants it before it grows, he can dig it up. How glad he'll be when he sees the five-cents and the quarters and things growing! Perhaps we'll have a market basket full."

She chose a place in a flower border in the back yard. A little ragged boy who had been selling matches in the kitchen came by, and asked:

"What are you doing?"

Bessie did not tell him, but covered up the money as fast as she could, smoothing the place over, and sticking in two little sticks exactly over the seeds.

It rained hard all the next day. Rob got

up late in the dark morning, and had to hurry away to school, without taking time for a peep at his wealth. But as soon as he got home at noon he went to the drawer; Bessie soon heard him calling:

"Where's my dollar? Who has my dollar?" She ran to him.

"Stop, Robbie; I planted yours when I planted mine—last night; and I shouldn't wonder if they had sprouted by this time."

"You planted my dollar?" said Rob, looking dismayed. "What did you do that for? Come and show me where it is."

They got an umbrella and poked and stirred the wet earth, though Bessie thought it a great pity to do so, when the money might be just beginning to sprout.

But no money was to be found! Rob's face grew blanker and blanker. He spoke some very angry words to Bessie, and then ran in to lay the case before his father. Poor little Bessie followed, with tears on a very woe-begone face. Papa heard her story, and then asked:

“Who told you that money would grow in the ground, my little girl?”

“I did, papa,” said Rob, rather shamefacedly.

“Is that true?”

“Why, no, sir. I only did it for fun.”

“Did any one see you plant the money, Bessie?”

“No—yes, sir—a match boy came along while I was doing it, but I didn’t tell him what I was doing.”

“I fancy he gathered your crop, Bessie. Never mind, little daughter, here,”—he took a dollar from his pocket and gave it to her,—“you lost your money through no fault of your own. And as for you, Master Robert, if you have paid only a dollar for the knowledge that it is neither wise nor witty to tell what is not true, you have it cheap. I am sorry for your loss, but it serves you right.”

“Why, father!” again exclaimed Rob, with tears running down his cheeks, “I told you I only meant it for a joke.”

“Very well, my boy; enjoy your joke. You have bought and paid for it.”

solid	dollars	rebuke	magic
believe	ridiculous	solemnly	excited
cease	delight	resolved	quarters
ragged	kitchen	sprouted	joke
dismayed	umbrella	shamefacedly	bought



41. A KING AND HIS WONDERFUL CASTLE.

PART I.

This is a true story about a king who lived in a wonderful castle. The castle was more beautiful than anything you have ever known. The upper part of it was a great dome, shaped very much like your head, which was filled with the strangest things you ever saw. The king lived in this dome, and never went out of it. There were two windows in it through which he could look whenever he wished. When the king was tired his servants always knew it, and would quickly drop the curtains over the windows and make

the room very dark. Soon the king would fall asleep. When he awoke, the faithful servants would lift the curtains and let in the light, which the windows would make into the most beautiful pictures that have ever been seen.

His majesty was always greatly pleased with these pictures, and would sit and watch them by the hour. There were never two of them just alike, and they kept changing every minute, and were of all shapes and sizes and colors.

Sometimes the window would paint for the king a gorgeous sunset; sometimes it would break the light up into a hundred colors and form them into a beautiful landscape; sometimes it would show him the face of a beautiful child, and once in a while it would paint for him a thunderstorm, with the rain and the lightning and the storm clouds rolling so fearfully. There was no end to the number and variety of the pictures that these windows would make.

They were as strange in their shape as in what they could do. They were not plain, flat windows, like those in our houses, but were round like a ball or a glass crystal with which the boys play marbles, only they were larger. The king's servants would turn them about in one direction and then in another, and they would keep on painting their beautiful pictures all day long, so that the king could look at them whenever he wished, always seeing something new — something that he had never seen before.

dome	strangest	tired	curtains
faithful	changing	sizes	gorgeous
beautiful	paint	once	fearfully
servants	crystal	direction	variety



42. A KING AND HIS WONDERFUL CASTLE.

PART II.

The king of our castle had a mill in which to grind the food for his other servants, and

a butler and assistants to prepare it for them. He had also a very strong servant that had a room down in the middle of the castle. The servant was at work continually pumping.

From his room pipes ran out into every part of the castle, in very much the same way that gas pipes run through the streets of a city and branch off into the houses, and then into each room in the house. These pipes held a red fluid almost as thin as water, which was forced by the pump into every part of the castle. This fluid was continuously washing the castle in every part, and so keeping it clean. It was constantly bringing all the dirt and impurities of every sort and sending them out of the castle through little channels that had been provided for that purpose.

This pumper worked night and day, and kept the red fluid running through the castle all the time, and back into the pump-room again. When the fluid had gone through the castle to every part of it, and

had come back, it would be very black and dirty. Then the pumper would send it out through another set of pipes that would take it out to the air. The air would wash it clean and take the dirt all out of it, when the fluid would come back to the pump room very pure and red, and ready to make another journey through the castle to gather up the dirt.

And so it would keep going, first through the castle, where it would gather up the dirt, and then out into the air, where the dirt would all be washed out of it. Doesn't it seem very queer that the air could wash this fluid clean? Well, it is strange; but you know something a little like it when your mother puts out the clothing and the beds to air during the early morning hours. The air washes out many impurities in them, and they are made cleaner by it.

prepare	assistants	continually	branch
fluid	constantly	impurities	channels
provided	pure	strange	clothing

43. LITTLE BUILDERS.

1. Little builders, build away!
Little builders, build to-day!
Build a temple, pure and bright,
Build it up in deeds of light.
2. Lay the corner strong and deep,
Where the heart the truth shall keep;
Lay it with a builder's care,
For the temple resteth there.
3. If you want an honored name,
If you want a spotless fame,
Let your words be kind and pure,
Then your temple shall endure.
4. Wisdom standeth at the door,
Come and see her priceless store;
Virtue gently guides your feet,
Where the good and holy meet.

temple
honored
virtue

builders
spotless
gently

resteth
endure
standeth

truth
wisdom
guides

44. INDIAN CHILDREN.

You have read stories of children in several far-off countries.

I will now tell you of some young folks who live here in our own country.

I mean the Indian children.

The Indian baby, a red-skinned fellow, is called a pappoose.

Baby's cradle is a very funny thing. It is nothing but a flat board, to which baby is strapped at the head and foot with straps of wood. This queer cradle is slung over the mother's back. Poor baby has to stay here all day long, being very cramped and getting very tired.



All babies have playthings, the little Indian being no exception. He has bits of iron, brass, copper, or tin, with which he plays for hours at a time.

When baby gets a little older he is taken

from the cradle and allowed to roll on the grass. He does just as he pleases.

At night baby is put to bed in a cradle made of the soft furs of animals, placed in the corner of the tent.

Tent! Yes; for the Indian being a restless creature has made for him a home that can be easily taken down, moved, and put up again.

His wife makes the tent, or wigwam, as it is called, in this manner: she builds a framework of poles, over which she stretches many skins of animals.

When baby becomes older, if a boy, he makes bows and arrows and spears. With these he kills birds, squirrels, and rabbits.

The boys have mock fights with one another, making a great noise shouting and yelling.

Indians enjoy hunting more than anything else, so the first thing that is taught the boys is how to hunt the buffalo, the wild horse, the bear, and other wild beasts.

The Indian boy learns these things just as we learn the alphabet.

Sometimes one boy will dress himself in a buffalo or bear skin. Then he will get down on his hands and knees and will allow his friends to hunt him and to kill him; that is, he will pretend to be killed.

As soon as a boy is large enough to ride, he has a pony.

He becomes a very expert rider, being able to go at full speed without a saddle. He also learns to kill game with his bow and arrow while on horseback.

At the age of fifteen the boy becomes a warrior, and is allowed to go to war with the men. This is a great event in his life. He gets married, has a wigwam of his own, and is allowed to give his opinion on matters concerning the camp in which he lives.

The Indian girl does not have so pleasant a time as her brother has.

As soon as she is old enough to work, she has to help her mother.

She learns to build the wigwams, to

make a fire even when it is raining hard, to cook buffalo meat, to dress skins, and to hoe corn.

She has no time for play.

When very young she is married to some "brave," as the Indian man is called.

When the white man first came to this country there were many Indians here, but now the number is so small that an Indian is considered a curiosity.

Indian	pappoose	straps	exception
brass	restless	creature	framework
stretches	squirrels	buffalo	sometimes
expert	saddle	warrior	wigwam
opinion	concerning	curiosity	considered



1. Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.
2. Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly errands to and fro
Down humblest ways, if God wills it so.

PHONIC CHART.

A KEY TO DIACRITICAL NOTATION.

NOTE.—In diacritical marking, accentuation, and syllabication, WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, edition of 1890, is taken as authority.

ā	as in	āte, āle.
ṣ	as in	senāte, prelāte.
â	as in	âir, fâre.
ä	as in	ärm, bärn.
ḡ	as in	ḡll, cḡll.
ḷ	as in	ḷt, cḷt.
â	as in	âsk, pâst.
a	as in	final, pendant.
ē	as in	ēve, accēde.
ḑ	as in	ḑevent, dḑelight.
ē	as in	ēnd, bēnd.
ḡ	as in	ḡr, fḡrn.
e	as in	recent, moment.
ī	as in	īce, īvory.
ī	as in	īdea, īota.
ī	as in	īll, pīn.
ō	as in	ōld, bōne.
ō	as in	ōbey, cantō.
ō	as in	ōrb, cōrn.
ō	as in	ōdd, bōdy.
ū	as in	ūse, tūne.
ū	as in	ūnite, pictūre.
ū	as in	rūde, trūth.
ū	as in	pūť, fūll.
ū	as in	ūp, būť.
ū	as in	ūrn, tūrn.
ŷ	as in	pīťy, cīťy.
oo	as in	foōd, roōť.
oo	as in	boōk, foōť.
ou	as in	out, sour.
oi	as in	oil, coin.

UNMARKED CONSONANTS.

b	as in	boy, bat.
c	as in	cat, came.
d	as in	do, did.
f	as in	fun, if.
g	as in	go, bag.
h	as in	hat, hand.
j	as in	jug, join.
k	as in	king, kind.
l	as in	love, until.
m	as in	me, make.
n	as in	no, name.
p	as in	pin, pope.
r	as in	rat, star.
s	as in	so, same.
t	as in	tin, but.
v	as in	voice, stove.
w	as in	went, will.
z	as in	zone, lazy.
ch	as in	church, much.
ng	as in	sing, long.
sh	as in	ship, cash.
th	as in	thin, three.

MARKED CONSONANTS.

e = k	as in	eombine.
ç = s	as in	çent.
eh = k	as in	ehorus.
ḡ = j	as in	ḡentle.
ṅ = ng	as in	ṅfinger.
ḡ = z	as in	ḡag.
th (sonant)	as in	then.
kw = qu	as in	quart.
hw = wh	as in	when.

LIST OF WORDS FOR PRONUNCIATION.

—••—

This list can be made of great service as showing just how each word is marked in the dictionary.

Al read'y (əl rēd'ŷ).
A gainst' (ə gēnst').
Arc'tic (ärk'tik).
A mer'i ca (ə mēr' i kə).
Al though' (əl fhō').
A'sia (ä'shī ə).
Ach'ing (äk'ing).
Ar'bor (är'bēr).
Ar'bu tus (är'bū tūs).
Ac cus'er (äk kūz'ēr).
An'i mals (än'ī malz).
Anx i'e ty (än zī'ē tŷ).
Am bi'tion (äm bīsh'ūn).
Ac'tu al ly (äk'tū al lŷ).
Ag'ile (äj'il).
Broth'er (brūth'ēr).
Branch'es (brānch'ēz).
Beau'ti ful (bū'ti fūl).
Broad (brəd).
Break'fast (brēk'fast).
Blos'som (blös'sūm).
Bruis'es (brūz'ēz).
Be neath' (bē nēth').
Breathe (brēth).
Beau'te ous (bū'tē ūs).
Bur'led (bēr'rid).
Bel'gi um (bēl'jī ūm).
Bl'low's (bl'lōz).
But'tons (būt't'nz).

Cer'tain (sēr'tin).
Cot'tage (kōt'tāj).
Church'es (chūrch'ēz).
Crys'tal (krīs'tal).
Crev'ice (krēv'is).
Courte'sled (kūrt'sīd).
Chris'to pher (krīs'tō fēr).
Co lum'bus (kō lūm'būs).
Car'riage (kār'rij).
Clothes (klōthz).
Chi'na (chī'nā).
Chi nese' (chī nēz').
Crea'tures (krē'tūrz).
Cig'a rette' (sīg'ā rēt').
Con demn'ing (kōn dēm'ing).
Cush'ioned (kōōsh'ūnd).
Cell'ing (sēl'ing).
Cer'e mo ny (sēr'ē mō nŷ).
Cau'tious (kə'shūs).
Con'quered (kōn'kērd).
Crim'i nals (krīm'ī nalz).
Cap'i tal (kăp'ī tal).
Con'ti nents (kōn'tī nents).
Chir'ruped (chī'r'rūpt).
Cir'cle (sēr'k'l).
Cres'cent (krēs'sent).
Danced (dānst).
Daugh'ter (dā'tēr).
Day'break' (dā'brăk').

Drag'ons (drăg'ūnz).
Dis eas'es (diz ēz'ēz).
Dis as'ters (diz ăs'tērz).
De sert'ed (dē zērt'ēd).
Des sert' (dēz zērt').
Doc'ile (dōs'il).
Doc'tor (dōk'tēr).
Dls may' (dīs mā').
Dl am'e ter (dī ăm'ē tēr).
Dl'a mond (dī'á münd).
Ech'oed (ēk'ōd).
Ex act'ly (ēgz ăkt'ly).
Eu'rope (ū'rūp).
En'gine (ēn'jīn).
Ev'er y (ēv'ēr y).
Es'ki mos (ēs'kī mōz).
E lec tric'i ty (ē lēk trīs'ī tỹ).
Ex cite'ment (ēk sīt'ment).
Ex haus'tion (ēgz ăsh'chūn).
Fas'ten ed (făs'n'ed).
Fin'gers (fīn'gērz).
Fes'ti val (fēs'tī val).
Flor'ence (flōr'ens).
Fig'ures (fīg'ūrz).
Feb'ru a ry (fēb'rū ă rỹ).
Fruit (frūt).
Fra'grant (fră'grant).
Fe ro'ci ous (fē rō'shūs).
For'eign (fōr'in).
Fro'zen (frō'z'n).
Ge ra'ni um (jē rā' nī ūm).
Gull't'y (gīl'tỹ).
Ger'man (jēr'man).
Ge og'ra phy (jē ōg'ră fy).
Grass (grăs).
Grey'hounds' (gră'houndz').
Glis'ten ing (glīs' 'n ing).
Gla'ciers (glă'shērz).
Grot'toes (grōt'tōz).
Ha'zel (hă'z'l).
Hur'ried ly (hūr'rīd ly).

Hos'pi tals (hōs'pīt alz).
Hin'du (hīn'dōō).
Ho ri'zon (hō rī' zūn).
Hand'ker chief (hăp'kēr chīf).
Hap'pened (hăp'p'nd).
Hon'or (ōn'ēr).
Hur rah' (hūr ră').
Hin du stan' (hīn dōō stān').
I de'a (ī dē'á).
Im me'di ate ly (īm mē'dī ăt ly).
In dig'nant (īn dīg'nant).
In quir'ing (īn kwīr'ing).
In'ter est ing (īn'tēr ěst ing).
Jui'cy (jū'sỹ).
Jew'el (jū'ēl).
Jour'ney (jūr'nỹ).
Ju'pi ter (jū pī tēr).
Knowl'edge (nōl'ēj).
Laughed (lăft).
Lon'don (lūn'dūn).
Lull'a by (lūl'á bī).
Lieu ten'ant (lū tēn'ant).
Lan'guage (lăn'gwăj).
Meas'ure (mēzh'ūr).
Mon'ey (mūn'ỹ).
Min'utes (mīn'īts).
Mil'lions (mīl'yūnz).
Mar'riage (măr'rīj).
Mald'en (măd'n).
Man'sion (măn'shūn).
Mar'i ners (măr'ī nērz).
Mas'ter (măs'tēr).
Mas'tiff (măs'tīf).
Mus'cle (mūs'l).
Mis'chie vous (mīs'chē vūs).
Mer'cu ry (mēr'kū rỹ).
Mu'si cal (mū'zī kal).
Mer'ci ful (mēr'sī fūl).
Nar'row (năr'rō).
Neighed (năd).
Night'in gale (nīt'in gāl).

New com'ers (nū kām'ērz).
 Nic'o tine (nik'ō tīn).
 Noth'ing (nūth'īng).
 Nour'ish (nūr'ish).
 New'found land' (nū'fūnd lānd').
 O'cean (ō'shan).
 O be'dl ent (ō bē'dl ent).
 Or'chard (ōr'chārd).
 Oc ca'sion (ōk kā'zhūn).
 Ob jec'tion a ble (ōb jēk'shūn-
 ā b'l).
 Ob'sta cles (ōb'stā k'lz).
 O'pened (ō'p'nd).
 Pa'tient ly (pā'shent lī).
 Prayer (prār).
 Par'ents (pār'ents).
 Per'fume (pēr'fūm) [noun].
 Pan'sy (pān'zī).
 Prin'ci pal (prīn'sī pal).
 Poi'son (poi'z'n).
 Pre'cious (prēsh'ūs).
 Poul'try (pōl'trī).
 Per'fect ly (pēr'fēkt lī).
 Peo'ple (pē'p'l).
 Pan ta loons' (pān'tā lōonz').
 Po to'mac (pō tū'mak).
 Pic'ture (pīk'tūr).
 Pret'tl est (prīt'tl ēst).
 Re'al ly (rē'al lī).
 Rough (rūf).
 Re spon'si bil'i ty (rē spōn'sī-
 bil'i tī).
 Re li'gion (rē līj'ūn).
 Reg'u lar'i ty (rēg'ū lār'i tī).
 Rep're sents' (rēp'rē zēnts').
 Rib'bon (rīb'būn).
 Straight (strāt).
 Sew'ing (sō'īng).
 Sev'er al (sēv'ēr al).
 Sol'diers (sōl'jērz).
 Sau'cy (sā'sī).

Squir'rel (skwēr'rēl).
 Stom'ach (stūm'ak).
 Sleigh'ing (slā'īng).
 Sit'u a'ted (sīt'ū ā'tēd).
 Sem'i-cl'r'eu lar (sēm'i-sēr'kt-
 lēr).
 Shep'herd (shēp'ērd).
 Saint' Ber nard' (sānt' bēr-
 nārd').
 Span'tel (spān'yēl).
 Struc'ture (strūk'tūr).
 Sat'el lite (sāt'ēl lit).
 Sur'face (sūr'fās).
 Sea'coast' (sē'kōst').
 Stripped (strīpt).
 Swit'zer land (swīt'zēr land).
 Sa mo'a (sā mō'ā).
 South'ern (sūth'ērn).
 Stag'hound' (stāg'hound').
 Tom'a hawk (tōm'ā hāk).
 Trans par'ent (trāns pār'ent).
 Truth'ful (trūth'fūl).
 To bac'co (tō bāk'kō).
 Ter'ri ble (tēr'rī b'l).
 Thor'ough (thūr'ō).
 Tongue (tūng).
 Trou'sers (trou'zērz).
 Un clean'ly (ūn klēn'lī).
 Un gra'clous (ūn grā'shūs).
 Ven'ture (vēr'tūr).
 Vin'e gar (vīn'ē gēr).
 Vil'lage (vīl'lāj).
 Veg'e ta ble (vēg'ē tā b'l).
 Vis'it or (vīz'īt ēr).
 Val'leys (vāl'līz).
 Wom'en (wīm'ēn).
 Wig'wams (wīg'wōmz).
 Wrest'ling (rēs'līng).
 World (wūrl'd).
 Whirled (hwērld).
 What'so e'er' (hwōt'sō ēr').

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